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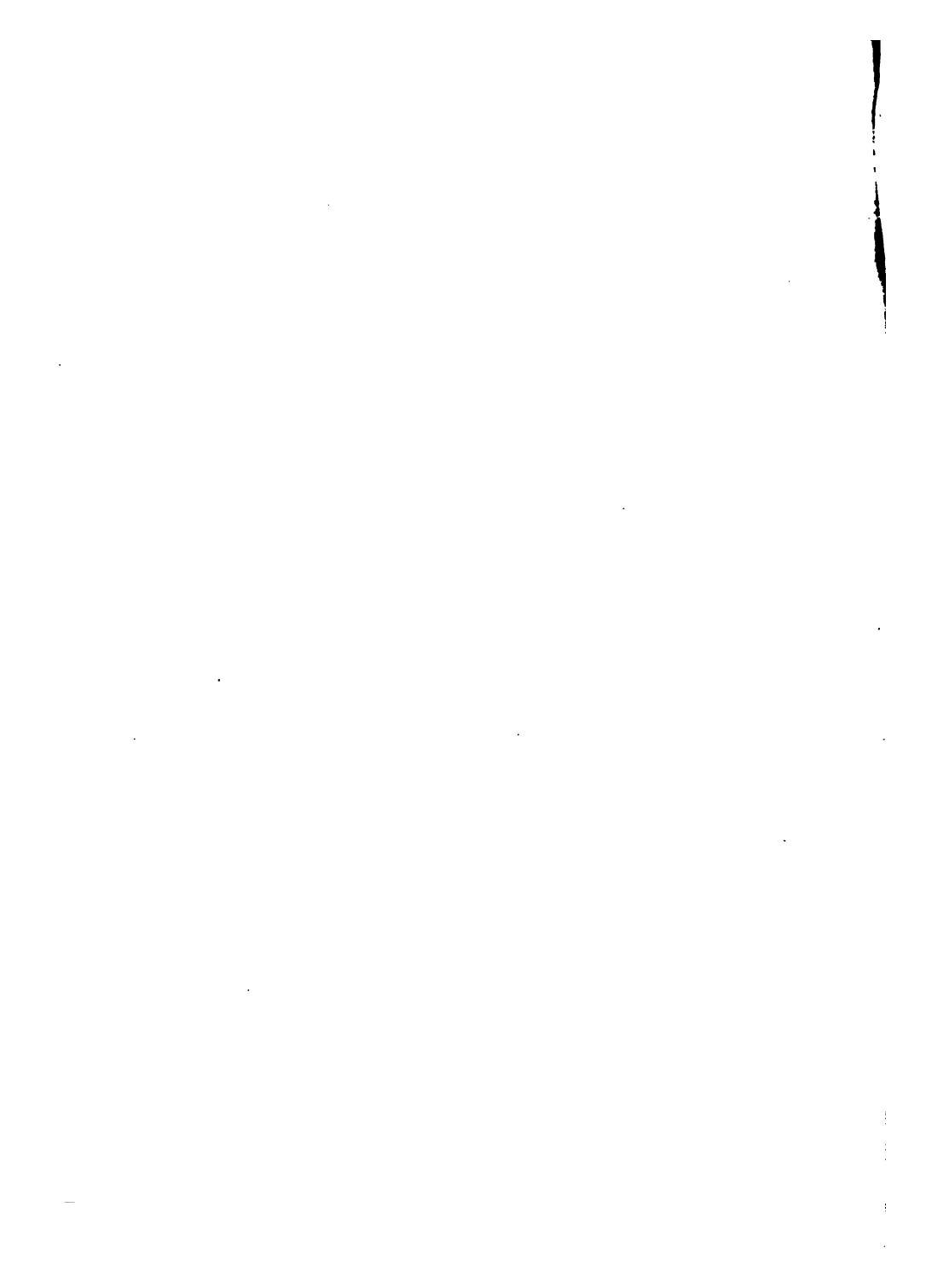
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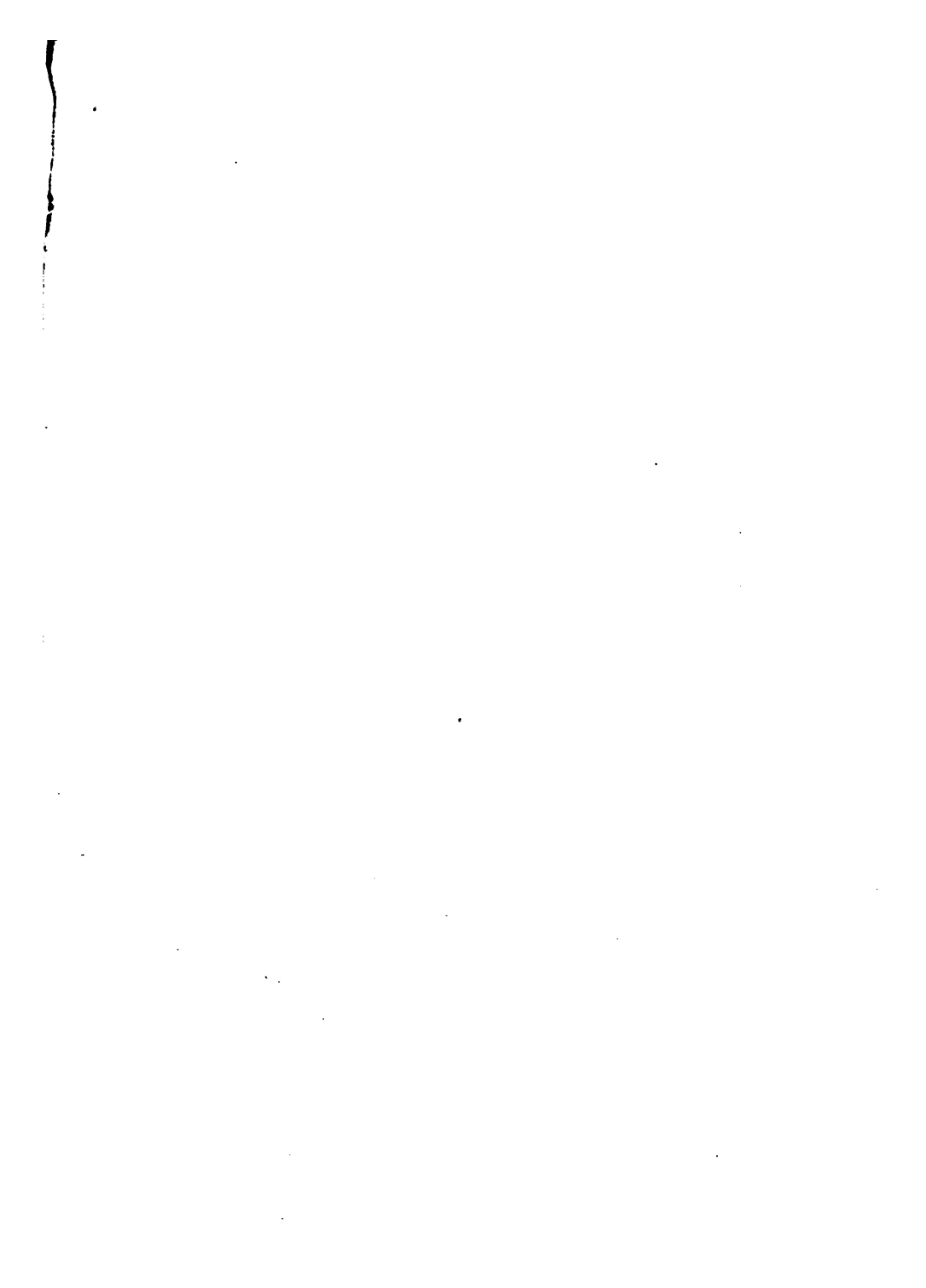
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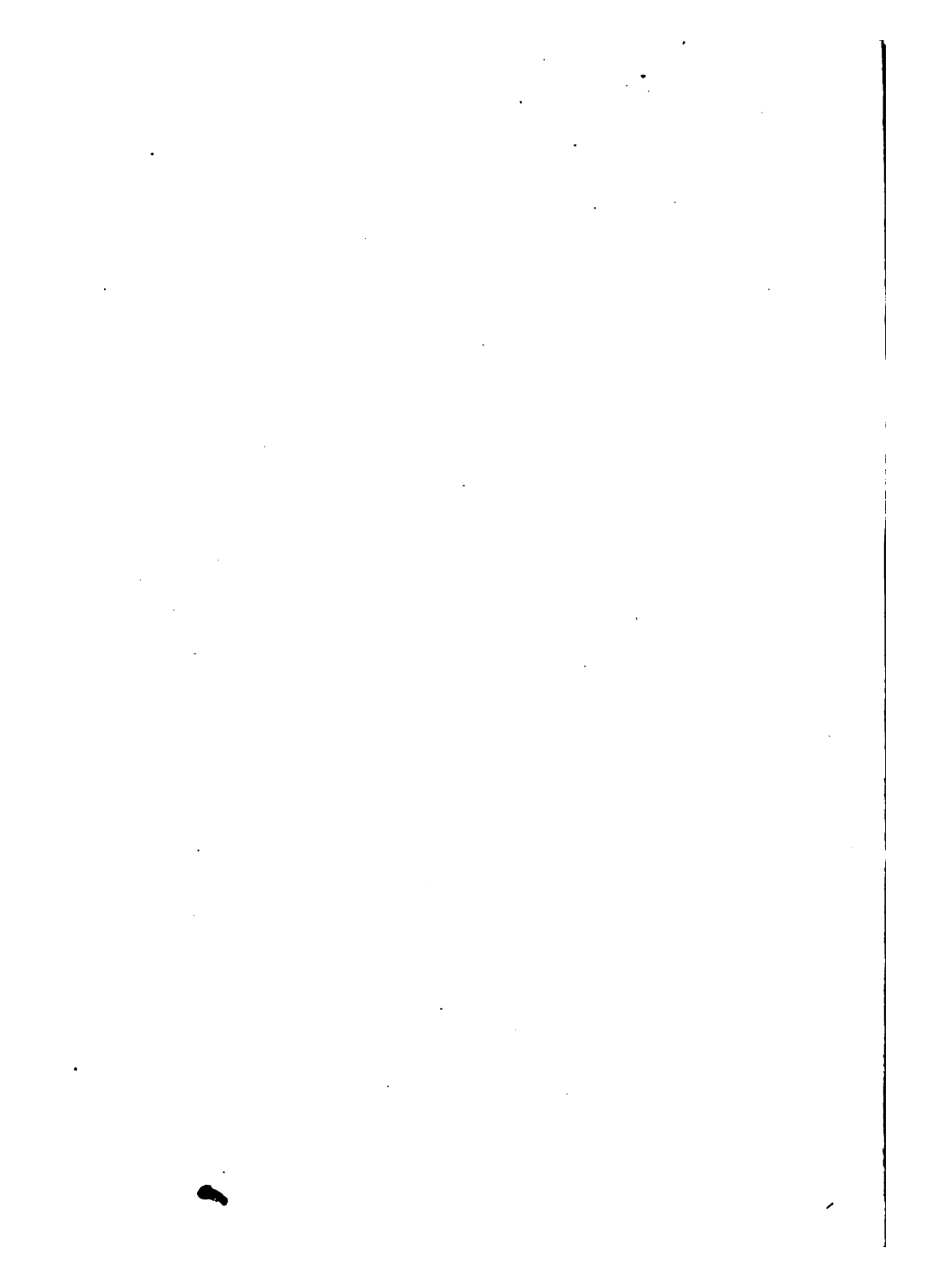


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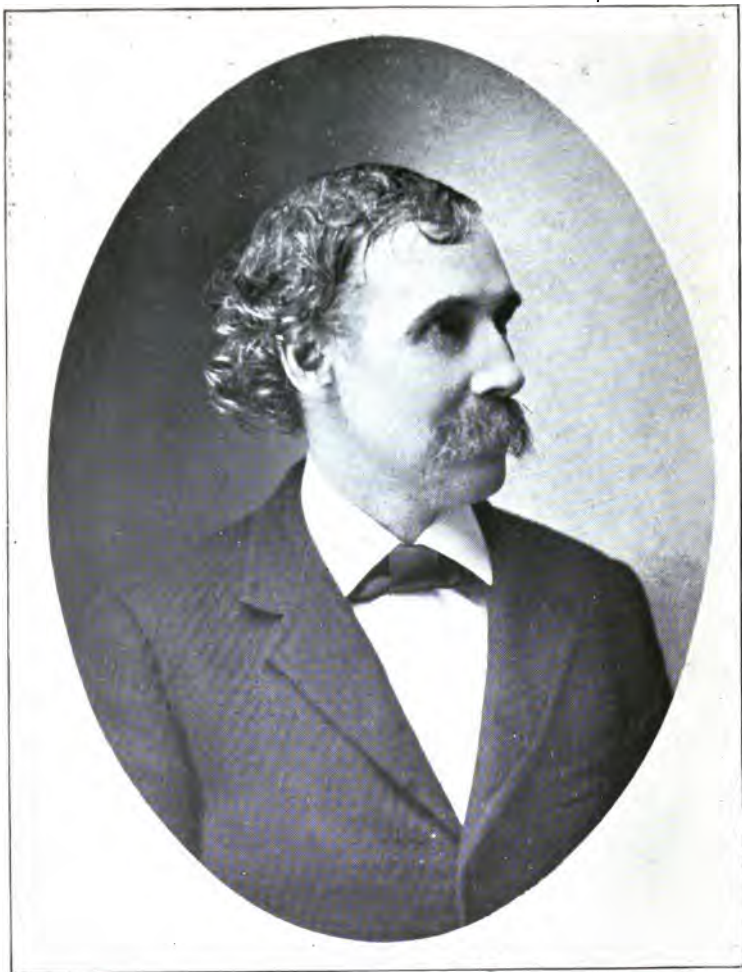
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JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.



# INGS OF MORN.

BY

**JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD,**

*Many Days and Nights in the  
News, et*



**F. TENNYSON NEELY,**  
PUBLISHER,  
LONDON. NEW YORK.



JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

# MUSINGS OF MORN.

BY  
JUNIOUS L. HEMPSTEAD,

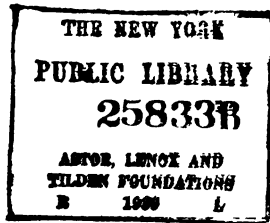
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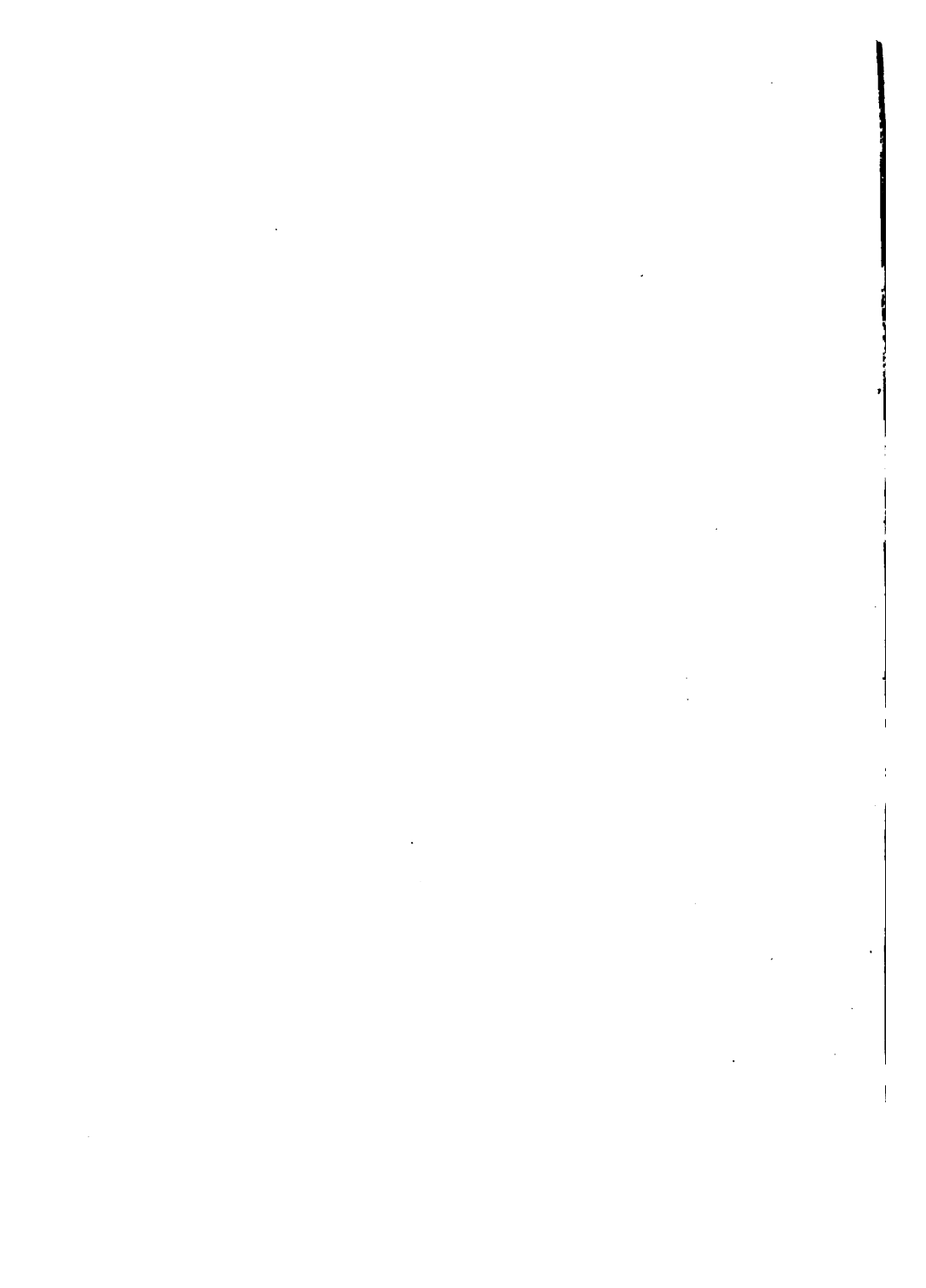
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—  
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**THIS VOLUME OF POEMS**

**is respectfully and affectionately dedicated to  
my little friend**

**MISS BEULAH FITCH.**

W. Q. R. 19 FEB '36



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## ❁ MUSINGS OF MORN. ❁

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### TRUE CHARITY.

**T**IS noble to extend to another  
Whose soul is bowed in grief  
The hand of a helpful brother,  
And bring to his heart relief.  
Cheer him with words kindly spoken,  
Give him what assistance you can;  
Heaven's most precious token  
Is love for our fellow-man.

The joy of this life is living  
For the good we may truly do;  
There is happiness in giving,  
For charity ennobles you.  
Why should the trials of others  
Be beds whose channels are dry,  
The fount that grief uncovers  
Be hidden away in the eye?

'Tis strange that we never discover  
The blessings strewn over our way,  
Until it's too late to recover  
The jewels we've thrown away.

Extend to another relief,  
Soothe ever the sufferer's moan,  
For grief is never truly grief  
Until it is all our own.

We heed not the sorrows of others,  
Nor the misfortunes that come to all;  
Callous the heart that ensmothers  
The promptings that should recall  
Days when our hearts were numb  
With tears of speechless woe,  
Charity's bright angel was dumb,  
And humanity a merciless foe.

'Tis godlike to be brave and strong,  
Stand up for right and truth,  
Forgiving each petty wrong  
That seems to our heart, forsooth,  
The promptings of cruel pride,  
By ignorance and folly led,  
Hosts that live to deride  
And stretch truth on Procrustes' bed.

Let every golden to-morrow  
Be filled with bravest resolve;  
Dry the tears of suffering and sorrow,  
Forgive and forget and absolve  
The wrongs that repentance atones,  
Nor harbor the Ate of hate  
That casts only merciless stones  
And calls it relentless fate.

## THE BUGLE'S SONG.

**M**Y pliant breath  
Is a call to fame,  
What though pale death  
Be the warrior's name?  
For chieftains bold,  
From hamlet and glen,  
Since the years were old,  
I have marshaled men.

I'm war's brazen call.  
Defiant and clear,  
From castle wall  
To donjon drear,  
My vibrant throat  
With stentor bray  
O'er tower and moat  
Sounds a bold parley.

I have no pity.  
My ringing command  
O'er each walled city,  
Or fortress planned,  
Blows loud and long  
From hall to post;  
With a timbre strong  
I arouse each host.

## MUSINGS OF MORN.

I'm the genius of hate.  
I marshal and rally  
At the postern gate  
The knights that sally  
From arch and tower  
To the plain below,  
Where cuirass power  
Deals blow for blow.

By guarded streams  
At dawn's gray peep,  
I arouse from dreams  
The braves that sleep.  
The night winds sigh  
When my bugles blow,  
And the camp fires die  
In the morning's glow.

My reveillé clear  
Breaks the soldiers' rest,  
As each cannoneer,  
With his piece depressed,  
Stands gloomy and still,  
While the charging ranks  
Sweep up the hill  
On the battery's flanks.

With shotted throats,  
That darkly peep  
From embrasured moats  
That crown the steep,

Leap fires of hell.  
Hear the cannons roar,  
While grape and shell  
Whir from each bore.

Ah! the carnage of battle,  
The bayonet thrust,  
The musketry rattle,  
The clouds of dust,  
The leaden rain,  
The piled-up dead,  
The cries of pain,  
The blood that's shed!

How many sad tears,  
How many sad eyes,  
How many drear years,  
How many deep sighs  
For the honored slain  
That have answer'd a call,  
Where my echoing strains  
No more shall fall!

## THE SONG OF GOLD.

**N**O other gods but me,  
No temples and altars grand;  
From mountains high, to the level sea,  
I stretch my conquering hand.  
I crush with all my might  
The conscience of toiling slaves,  
For might is an olden right,  
And power, the prize it craves.

The smile of my yellow face  
Is life's alluring wine;  
I'm a curse to the human race  
That kneel at my fetich shrine;  
I make slaves of crowns and kings;  
Serfs are my willing toys;  
I'm a siren that wanton sings  
Of wealth, with its mad decoys.

I'm deaf to the pauper's cry  
As he begs for a crust to eat.  
I laugh to see him die,  
Starving at Charity's feet.  
Who can measure my greed,  
Measure my wonderful power?  
Gold is my god, is my creed,  
And want is my pauper dower.



I'm a sinew of war; my trenchant blade  
Is the blade of a warrior bold.  
Who will tell of those it slayed,  
In conquests for gems and gold?  
Carving its human way,  
Thro' hearts, and friendships too,  
Cutting with two-edged play  
The heart of the world in two.

I make of honor a childish toy;  
I bribe with a liberal hand.  
My velvet glove with its soft decoy  
Is steel, when I command.  
How many battles lost and won,  
Since the years of my precious birth!  
I'm a frozen ray of the golden sun,  
Stored away in the rock-ribbed earth.

## DEW.

I AM a mist maid;  
My eyes are bright,  
And peep from the glade  
Into the vale of night.  
I'm afraid of the sun;  
He robs my bijou case  
Of lace that goblins spun  
On the orchid's sculptured vase.

I brew wine for the moths  
That dreamily sit  
On Tyrian cloths,  
'Midst the shadow-lit  
Aisles of repose;  
I sleep on the breast  
Of the drowsy rose  
And emblazon its perfumed crest.

Day's golden shield  
With tears I dim;  
From fallow and field  
With my dewy film  
I silver with skill  
The goblets of spring;  
The wine I distill  
Is fit for a king.

I'm a cloudland sprite;  
Moist lips are mine,  
And my noiseless flight  
With crystal shine  
Hangs heavy and low  
On the crown of Night,  
Where fireflies show  
Their signal light.

From the brooks I get  
The sparkling gems  
That the brownies set  
In the embroider'd hems  
Of the robe of Night;  
I weave pale lace  
In the misty light  
Of the Moon's cold face.

I hang opal strings  
Where Arachne spins  
Her thread that swings  
Where the web begins.  
My network of gems  
Is frosted and bright  
Where emerald stems  
Sway dewy and white.

Flowers are my friends;  
They gather and keep  
All the tangled ends  
Of the tears I weep.

I nestle so shy  
In the heart of Night,  
With its moonless sky  
And its shadowy light.

The zephyrs I dread,  
For do you know  
They rob my head  
Of its Iris bow.  
I love chaste Dian fair,  
I string spray beads  
In her starry hair,  
And brighten her widow's weeds.

## I'M A DREAMER BY THE SEA.

I'M A dreamer by the sea.  
Its grandeur fills my soul.  
How the wavelets, wild and free,  
Twist and foam and roll!  
Restless, restless sea,  
What dreams you weave for me!

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
Where my life's soul dies away.  
New visions come to free  
The clay thoughts of to-day.  
Boundless, boundless be  
The dreams you waft to me.

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
Seated on my rocky throne,  
Where the billows fling to me  
Æolus' weird moan,  
That swells upon the sea  
Like some matchless threnody.

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
While the swelling tide flows in,  
As if to welcome me  
With its mellow pounding din—  
Weaving at my feet, O sea,  
The web of destiny.

I'm a dreamer by the sea.  
How I watch the wavelets ebb  
Unshroud each Titan's knee  
With fancy's wondrous web—  
Gray limbs that seem to be  
Emblems of eternity.

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
While the sea gives up its dead.  
Oh! such visions come to me  
From the ocean's mighty bed—  
All the ages of the sea  
That the æons bring to me.

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
On an island's sea-girt zone,  
Like some pantheistic devotee,  
I bow to wood and stone—  
Bow down to what I see  
And the thoughts they evolve for me.

I'm a dreamer by the sea,  
With its vast and wrinkled face,  
Its old men come to me  
From the confines of its space;  
They beckon from the sea  
And my soul ebbs out from me.

I'm a dreamer by the sea.  
They cast their nets and draw  
From infinitude to me,  
The solemn, deathless awe  
Of this phantom dark-limbed sea,  
That ebbs and flows for me.

I'm a dreamer by the sea.  
I see such weird men,  
With elf locks that to me  
Are the locks that might have been—  
From the ages of the sea,  
That drifted far to me.

## CHRONOS.

**W**HAT are minutes? Sands  
That measure time.  
No iron unwound bands,  
No bells to chime  
The golden hours sped  
Beyond recall;  
Only a wingéd glass,  
Held by Saturn gray,  
While earthly shadows pass  
Along life's Appian way.

What are hours, pray?  
Harvests for the reaper's blade,  
Sheaves of moments laid away,  
Measured, bound, and weighed  
Upon the scales  
Of destiny.  
Pale silent god  
Whose lips are dumb,  
Whose potent nod  
Is Atropos' thrum.



What are days? Spaces  
For the iron finger  
That grimly traces  
The fleeting hours, that linger  
'Twixt day and night  
On Terra's walls;  
Ghosts, that swiftly glide  
Through Death's silent door,  
That opens dark and wide  
Upon the evermore.

What are years? Scrolls  
Whereon are traced  
The dreams of souls,  
By time and grief defaced;  
Handwritings on the walls  
Of Babylon,  
Belshazzar's revels,  
Goblets of gold,  
Brimméd levels  
Of wine that is old.

What are centuries, I ask?  
Hoary years that frown  
Where mildews dankly bask  
On Age's wrinkled gown,  
That hides the shrunken limbs  
Of ruined temples vast;  
Where Silence grimly broods,  
Bent with decrepit time,  
Naught but Death intrudes,  
And mosses greenly climb.

What are æons vast?  
Vista-centuries that seem  
Shadows of the awful past,  
Some Titan's vanished dream  
Of cataclysmal change,  
Where fire and flood  
Have carved the rugged face  
Of Nature with untimely scars,  
That frown the bending space  
As dark revolving stars.

## I AM LIFE.

I AM Life, inexorable sprite;  
My palace is builded in space;  
With an Ariel's restless flight  
I hurry from place to place;  
I laugh at plodding Time  
As I flit from star to star;  
I build with a skill sublime  
That which ages mar.

I am a force, but who can tell  
How I come, or whither I go?  
I'm the essence of life; I dwell  
In the current's mysterious flow.  
I'm affinity's child of electrical birth,  
And sweep from pole to pole;  
With fingers swift I girdle the earth,  
And fill her dark veins with coal.

I am Life, and the atoms my slaves,  
King of the sea, earth and sky;  
Of Death, and his phantom graves,  
And of those that forgotten lie  
Down deep in the petrified earth.  
I move, and the edicts of change  
Are the laws of eternity's birth,  
That my servants with patience arrange.

I am Life—Life, a protean dream,  
Affected by chemical laws,  
A subtile magnetic stream  
From Time, and its Great First Cause.  
I live in molecules and cells,  
In the germ with its latent force,  
In the bud that rounding swells,  
In the season's resistless course.

I change with wonderful skill  
Death's current, so somber and wide;  
I create with a sovereign's will,  
From the substance of those who died,  
Far more beautiful houses of clay,  
Abodes for the conscious soul,  
Where mortal will, and its sway,  
Is a slave to the senses' control.

Unceasing I prey on decay,  
Selecting the atoms I need;  
I bring into conservative play,  
Through an egg or a latent seed,  
The forces that men call life—  
Forces as old as time.  
Forever and ever the strife  
That makes existence sublime.

## WE NEVER KNOW.

**W**E never know. What seemeth best  
For some poor soul to-day,  
May on the morrow bring it sad unrest;  
While twilight, and the shadows gray,  
In darkness deeper grow,  
Because we never know.

We never know what drooping lid  
Conceals some haunting pain,  
Where grief in ermine-velvet hid  
Makes every pleasure vain.  
Ah! bruised heart—ah! wounded doe,  
How can we ever know?

We never know what trifling thing  
May change our joy to gloom.  
The shadow of suspicion's wing  
Can make our earth a tomb.  
We cannot stay the unseen blow,  
Because we never know.

## A ZEPHYR.

I'M A breath from everywhere,  
From sunshine and shade.  
Springing from nowhere,  
I rustle each blade  
That carpets the earth  
With verdure lush;  
I kiss in my mirth  
The first red blush  
Of animated Spring;  
I have love-songs sweet  
That I coyly sing  
To every flower I meet.

What care I? Ho! ho!  
Over valley and mead,  
Where dandelions blow,  
I scatter the seed;  
I'm a zephyr king  
And weave a crown  
For some future Spring.

I'm not partial; I know  
Where modest flowers dwell,  
Where star anemones grow  
In the shade of some moss-grown well;  
I love the violets that peep  
From the woodland shade;  
I scatter the dews they weep  
In the depths of the everglade;

I shake from each vibrant leaf  
The tears of diamond night;  
The tinted drops of eyeless grief  
I banish from my sight.

I whisper gently low  
To the shaded flowers  
The secrets I know  
Of the fleeting hours.  
A puff—and the four o'clocks  
Are gently shorn  
Of their yellow frocks.

I'm a lover bold;  
What care I for one  
Rose, or even a marigold  
That reflects the rays of the sun  
With a thousand eyes?  
I tumble the colors about,  
Unheeding the Tyrian dyes,  
I shake up their petals and rout  
The perfumes they distill,  
For I'm an elf most jolly,  
With naught but my own sweet will  
To laugh at my prankish folly.

In my goblin shoes  
Hitherward, thitherward,  
I carry the news,  
Upward and earthward,  
From far and near.  
I tell them all  
Of the dying year.

**IF WE COULD DREAM.**

**I**f we could dream  
Of other happier spheres  
In bluer skies,  
Where unmarked years  
Were never sighs  
Of haunting regret,  
Do you believe  
That eyelids would be wet  
Because we grieve?

If we could dream  
This little life away  
Amid Arcadian bowers,  
Where Pan's rustic day  
Is woods and wooing flowers  
By purling sylvan streams,  
The soul of nature bless'd  
With triptolemean dreams,  
Would this be rest?

If we could dream  
Of silence in some vasty wood  
Beyond the reach of care,  
Where slumbering time withstood  
The elements and air,



Tucked in some restful nook  
Within the recess shade,  
With some dear dreamer's book,  
Would such sweet hours fade?

If we could dream  
Of nature's lavish heart—  
Wild nature untrimmed—  
Could we impart  
With eyes undimmed  
Some minstrel's happy lay  
In grottoes of lush flowers,  
And dream the days away,  
Would happiness be ours?

If we could dream  
Of shepherds' piping strains,  
Of satyrs and fauns,  
Of rustic happy swains,  
Of grassy emerald lawns  
Where circling feet  
Keep graceful measure  
Within some shaded retreat,  
Would this be earthly pleasure?

If we could dream  
Of far-off other times  
That softly, sweetly stealing  
With their silvery chimes  
Gently, dimly pealing  
From storied memories clear,  
Would these call back  
The crystal stream so dear  
Along time's fading track?

**CHANGE.**

**C**HANGE is written on the sky,  
The distant stars enthrone  
The powers that hidden lie  
Within their glittering stream.  
Each twinkle marks a moment dead  
That atoms rearrange;  
Newer birth by death is fed  
And lo! a grander change,  
Wrought by a hand divine,  
More majestic, more sublime.

Change decreed, and lo!  
The earth whereon we tread  
Peep'd from the mists of long ago,  
Roused from her vapory bed,  
To shine a star white-hot  
In the diadem of night,  
By time and space begot.  
Her brow grew dark—the light  
That shone on other sidereal shores  
Gleams darkly in her crystal ores.

Earth suffered with the throes  
Of grim, majestic birth.  
The very spring that flows  
With bubbling noisy mirth  
Down to the mountain's base  
Was born of flood and fire,  
That shaped the rugged face  
Of nature—and her pyre  
With flames and smoke was wrapt,  
Her towering heights by glaciers capp'd.

Time's eternal hand is slow.  
The rivers in their changing beds  
With quivering rippling flow  
Bear from the plateau sheds,  
The uplift of the æons past,  
Whose crowns uptilted to the sky  
On Neptune's shore are cast.  
Dark Terra, with a helpless cry,  
Is borne onward to the deep,  
Where æons drift and sleep.

This globe is time's swift wheel  
That cuts the sluggish hours.  
We throbbing move, and feel  
The stored and hidden powers  
Are laws that never change,  
As sure as time's decree,  
That unseen hands arrange,  
And all the parts agree  
With God's eternal plans,  
Crowned with His immensity.

We sigh to see the moments die,  
To see the last drops in the spring  
In mists and cloudlets upward fly.  
We know that time will fling  
Them back—and others take their place  
As cool, as dark, as bright,  
Tho' shadows on their mirror face  
Shine with some other light,  
That breaks upon the human soul;  
And still the awful æons roll.

Their vital waves a solemn dial  
Of fleeting time—nor moves back  
The past, with grim denial.  
He sends us on along the noiseless track  
Of moons, and stars, that night  
Kisses with her dewy mouth,  
Till their glowing, quivering light  
Wakes the soft winds of the south,  
And zephyrs come and go,  
To mark the seasons' onward flow.

If we have throbbing woes  
So had the bezoned earth,  
God only knows the Titan throes  
That ushered in her birth.  
Man's day seems wondrous fair,  
So seems our whirling globe  
That sails in tenuous air,  
Wrapped in her fruitful robe,  
That seasons touch, and lo!  
Man reaps what springtimes sow.

It bears bravely, and its breast  
So broad by wounds is scarred,  
Each mountain's towering crest  
By yawning chasms marred,  
Shadows on the valley fair  
Nursed in time's brown lap,  
Where storms are gentler, and the air  
Wells upward to the snowy cap,  
That crowns the mountain brow  
With halos from the sun.

Noisy rills laughing leap,  
Where cascades darkly shade  
The mountain sides so steep,  
Where frowning hill and glade  
Are jewels on the rugged side  
Of some lone mountain bold,  
A monarch in its kingly pride,  
Whose layered strata fold  
Upon its heart of buried stone  
A tablet, of the ages flown.

Majestic king that once hid stars  
Is now a glen where lapwings sip,  
A lowland marsh, that bars  
The placid lake, where Indians dip  
The swift-plyed glistening oar,  
Their light canoes with rippling sound,  
Break the slumbers of the lake  
Where tamer game is found,  
Whose startled calls awake  
The sleepy echoes that cry out,  
Mingled with the nimrod's shout.

The gnawing tooth of sure decay  
Left scars upon the crest,  
And glaciers smoothed away  
The furrows of some eagle's nest.  
Bold-eyed they gazed upon the sun,  
Poised upon the dizzy height,  
Until their fledglings one by one  
Plumed their wings for distant flight,  
And with brave circling sweep  
Mounted the empyrean deep.

Chasms were channeled beds  
That held the brooklet's noisy flow;  
Their fountain heads  
Were streams of long ago;  
They silent tore away  
The barriers to the glen,  
Yet laughed with limpid play,  
Till ages past, and then  
Their gurgling laugh became a roar,  
That reached the ocean's crumbling shore.

Dark-orbed daughter of change,  
A pebble on the sands of time,  
What creations vast and strange  
Marked its mesozoic prime!  
It had its pristine youth,  
Now traced in buried stone,  
That heaven-born man, forsooth,  
Should claim from æons flown  
A heritage, remotely cast  
Upon the shores of the eternal past.

Life also drifts in waves  
Across the lap of time,  
Whose moments death enslaves.  
Oft their funeral chime  
Is borne upon the withered breast  
Of dear old mother earth,  
Whose silent lips are press'd  
Upon the brow of newer birth,  
That older years may fade,  
And sleep to wake no more.

Our mother claims that which she gave;  
Her arms are broad and wide;  
Be it king, or toiling slave,  
All, all must here abide  
By nature's changeless laws,  
To breathe, to toil, and then to lie,  
Where storms are summer flaws  
That moan and windward sigh—  
Upon the ashes of the past  
To sleep, perchance to dream at last.

Each age is not the same;  
Our earth can never occupy  
The space from whence it came,  
But upward, onward thro' the sky,  
Grim visaged, crumbling, swift,  
Along the pathless deep,  
An atom, in the eternal drift,  
We nodding, enlooped sweep  
Unto the central sun,  
That holds the universe in thrall.

## MUSINGS OF MORN.

And so the earth must age,  
 Must bow to time's edict,  
 Tis' written on each stony page,  
 Yet no sage can e'er predict,  
 How, or when, or where,  
 That awful hour will come,  
 When this frail child of air  
 Shall fall upon the sun,  
 Or fly into the glittering space,  
 A lost and wandering star.



## THREE KISSES.

**A** KISS warm from love's lips  
 Burns fancy's storied brain;  
 Love laughs, but slyly sips  
 The stolen sweets again.

A kiss, a mother's holy kiss,  
 Pure as an angel's breath;  
 What nectar can compare with this,  
 Eternal as the shades of death?

A kiss that Judas stole  
 To robe some fell design;  
 A barter for a human soul,  
 Its price a Savior's life divine.



## A VESTAL.

**A** VESTAL at the Muses' lyric shrine,  
O womanhood! how noble, how divine,  
Within the largess of a tender heart  
Lurks impulse, and the sweetness to impart  
To life a brighter, sweeter glow  
Sings in thy rhyme, whose liquid flow  
Makes all the glad bright world one song,  
Lifts up the weak, and makes the wavering strong.

The vestal flame, the consecrated fire,  
Is fann'd by incense from Apollo's lyre,  
That wreathes in song some poet's gentle thought  
Which thy deft fingers from the harvest wrought,  
To shine like gems in Fame's immortal crown,  
A stanza, verse, that glows with bright renown,  
From out the storied urn, where sifted diamonds lie  
Nestled in dreams, loopholes of heaven, in Night's  
poetic sky.

## IF THE HEART BE PURE.

WHAT tho' the world condemn  
With suspicion's unjust frown,  
We can the torrent stem,  
And live the malice down,  
If the heart be pure.

What tho' envy follow wrong  
In persecution's wake,  
Yet shall the will be strong,  
Tho' friends alas! forsake,  
If the heart be pure.

What tho' the slanderer's tongue  
Shall wound with venom's tooth,  
Yet the stinger shall be stung  
With the lash of honest truth,  
If the heart be pure.

What tho' rumor's slimy breath  
Should poison virtue's flower,  
The smile that welcomes death  
Will be an angel's dower,  
If the heart be pure.

What tho' man's justice fail,  
Our cross be hard to bear,  
Yet the crucifying nail  
Will ennoble our despair,  
    If the heart be pure.

Has Astræa meekly flown  
Or lost her balanced scale?  
Would wrong with upraised stone  
Make justice dumbly quail  
    If human hearts were pure?



### IMMORTALITY.

○ WINTER'S breath,  
    Where is thy death?  
Since spring's eternal womb  
Snatched from the souless tomb  
The immortality of life.

**WILLY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.**

**W**ITH drowsy-lashed lids, and brown curly heads,  
The children were tucked in their low trundle  
beds,

Each pure childish voice repeated a prayer,  
Then all was as still as a mouse on the stair.

The jingle of bells, with the prancing of hoofs,  
Rattled and clattered from neighboring roofs.  
A flash and a snort, then the reindeer stood still,  
While Santa Claus sought for the stockings to fill.

There they all hung—from baby's to Tim's,  
From Daisy's to Willy's, Steve's, Harry's, and Jim's,  
Waiting for Christmas' beneficent cheer,  
That comes to the youngsters but once in a year.

The small muffled figure was covered with toys,  
Dolls for the girls, and skates for the boys,  
Horses and arks, whips, candies and slings,  
Houses and ships, books, primers and swings.

Willy, a pet, slept in the tall crib,  
His round dimpled chin peep'd from his white bib,  
The laughing blue eyes concealed by the clothes  
Saw Santa Claus smile at the heels and the toes.

He filled each wee stocking, then on to the next  
To the end of the ladder, where he seemed quite  
perplexed,  
At the long one, that reached almost to the floor,  
He frowned for a moment, and passed thro' the door.

A sob from the corner, and mamma's dear arms,  
Quickly fondled his head, and soothed his alarms,  
To her heart the loved one was tenderly pressed,  
And Willie at last fell asleep on her breast.

Why, it's only a dream, my darling, my pet,  
Go to sleep, hushaby, Santa Claus hasn't come yet.  
I'll replace this long stocking with yours, that I've  
sewn,  
Then he won't think you're selfish, my precious,  
my own.

**BONNY BESS.**

**I** SEE you now, my Bonny Bess,  
As in the years gone by,  
With cherry lip and golden tress  
And love's light in your eye.

I see you now, my Bonny Bess,  
Barefooted, giddy girl,  
With tumbled hair, and rumped dress,  
And thoughts all in a whirl.

I see you now, my Bonny Bess,  
A sweet, ingenuous miss,  
Seeking oft some sweet caress  
That ended in a kiss.

I see you now, my Bonny Bess,  
A ray of joyous light,  
Whose sweet, wild way, I must confess,  
Filled my poor heart with fright.

I see you now, my Bonny Bess,  
'Twixt womanhood and youth,  
A budding rose with sweet address,  
An incarnate bloom of love and truth.

I see you now, my Bonny Bess,  
A statue carved and cold.  
Where are the dreams that were to bless  
As in the days of old?

They're gone, alas! my Bonny Bess,  
Gone with the fleeting years;  
Their memories dim grow less  
Through vistas of regretful tears.

In all the years that have gone by,  
Where is the dream whose spell  
Once gladden'd your brown eye?  
Where do these fancies dwell?

Dreams, all dreams, my Bonny Bess!  
Why should they, forsooth,  
Force your proud heart to thus confess  
There's nothing true but truth?

**SILENT WEAVERS.**

**I**N the depths 'neath tropic skies,  
Where strife and turmoil dies,  
These weavers weave  
The warp and woof of patient time,  
Weaving with a skill sublime.

Grottoes where the sea-king god  
Rules the deep with crown and rod,  
These weavers weave  
Tapestries of red and green,  
Lighted by the sea's pale sheen.

Vast, vast, the gorgeous net  
Where the wavelets vainly fret,  
These weavers weave  
Battlements and turrets bold  
That gather and enfold.

Drift from the ocean's tide,  
Wrecks of worlds that lived and died,  
These weavers weave  
Into isles of shaded palm,  
Lagoons of solitude and calm.



What though the storm king break,  
Leaving *débris* in his wake,  
    These weavers weave  
In the vast cretaceous gloom  
From Nature's protean womb.

Forth into air and light,  
From the deep abysmal night,  
    These weavers weave  
Footprints on creation's shore,  
Till time shall be no more.

## SLEEP'S ANGEL.

**A**NGEL of sleep, with zephyrs light  
 Touch the eyes of wakeful care;  
 Steal gently thro' the shades of night  
 And still the star-lit dreamy air  
 With drowsy rest—hover sweetly near;  
 With Morpheus' somnolent hand  
 Hush all the dark world's shrilly cheer,  
 And soothe with thy mysterious wand  
 The voiceless echo of a falling tear.

Angel so bless'd, come with thy noiseless wing;  
 Flit thro' the fairy aisles of rest;  
 Let not the hum of insects bring  
 Unrest to timid mortal's breast,  
 Where worldly care with drowsy head  
 Reclines by lethean streams,  
 Whose sluggish waters, like a silver thread  
 Steal thro' the vale of dreams  
 Until sleep's soul is dead.

Balmy sleep, cool Night's wrinkled brow;  
 Calm the throbs, whose lurid turns  
 Are wakeful dreams that thoughts endow  
 With leaden hours, whose storied urns

Are slaves to hydra-headed care.  
O coyish sleep, thou dark-hued maid  
With ebon eyes and timid air,  
Why should each gentle hope delay'd  
Bring to each wooer only dull despair?

Angel of rest, hover o'er the pauper's cot,  
Where guant-eyed Want intrudes;  
Soothe the sufferer's unhappy lot  
Until each thought deludes  
Pale Sorrow's watchful eyes,  
Though thy spell should cast  
Forgetful shadows o'er the hope that dies,  
Though each dream should be the last,  
Still grant him what poor life denies.

O saintly sleep, why should fortune's smile  
Tempt thee to touch contentment's lids  
And thus each harrowing thought beguile  
For those whose golden bids  
Make thee some bonded serf  
For happy hours—while sorrow's main  
Is bounded by life's plunging surf,  
Where breakers rough enchain  
Man's little rod of unturned turf.

## LOVE'S DESIRE.

**W**OULD I were a flower,  
And thou some little bee!  
How would love's sweetest power  
Encompass thee,  
And should my petaled lips  
Be pressed to thine,  
Then love's sweet amber sips  
Would crimson mine.

Would I were a zephyr soft,  
And thou some babbling brook!  
How would I murmur oft,  
Through each pebbled nook,  
Love's secrets sweet and true!  
Then would my gentlest sighs,  
From heaven's blue,  
Melt in thine eyes.

## THE BIRTH OF TIME.

**G**RAY hoary Time, whence cam'st thou?  
From Earth's mysterious womb  
Whose rock-rimmed crusted brow  
Is life's most ancient tomb,  
Where God's creating hand  
Uplifted thee on high,  
And with his studded wand  
Traced dials in the sky.

Then our dull orb was young  
With ferns and herbage rare,  
Where silence startled flung  
Its echoes in the poisoned air,  
Titans crashed thro' humid brake  
To churn some mesozoic sea,  
While time with drowsy shake  
Was waiting, O man, for thee.

What godlike human brain  
Gazed awestruck on the moon,  
And with Pan's rustic strain,  
Or shepherd's droning croon,  
Recalled Arcadian flocks,  
While day, in golden robes undress'd,  
Cast shadows on the rocks  
And gently sank to rest?

Did Chaldee mark thy birth  
From hill and star-lit plain,  
Where shepherds roved the moving earth  
And watched the starry train,  
Like twinkling lamps that swept  
Onward to the western sky,  
While lonely eyes their vigils kept  
On stars that hurried by?

What primal eye with slow degree  
Marked time with one bright star  
That sparkled in the midst of three,  
While drop by drop, from earthen jar,  
And jar by jar, with meted drop,  
In high meridian prime  
The dial's shadowy top  
Transfixed the bounds of time?

## DO YOU KNOW?

**D**O you know of a maiden sweet  
Who lives at home, not on the street,  
Who is no painted, powder'd belle,  
Who does not flirt, nor bike, nor chew?  
I do not know. Do you?  
If such there be, I pray you tell.

Do you know of a maiden sweet,  
Whose dress at home is always neat,  
Whose teeth are white as the whitest shell,  
Who can cook and mend, can darn and sew,  
Tidy and sweet from crown to shoe?  
If such there be I pray you tell.

Do you know of a maiden dear,  
Who's been to school for more than a year,  
Who can figure quickly, read and spell,  
Can sing and play, with technique true,  
Yet deftly cook a meal for you?  
If such there be I pray you tell.

Do you know of a maiden fair  
Whose life is free from show and care,  
Whose smile is sunshine, to dispel  
The mists of the heart, that melt like dew,  
A dream of love, that lives for you?  
If such there be I pray you tell.

Do you know of a maiden fair,  
Whose loyal heart will meekly share  
    Life's burden true and well,  
And loving, live each day anew,  
To make a heaven on earth for you?  
    If such there be I pray you tell.



## COSMOS.

COSMOS with Theistic power  
Breathed upon the uncreated deep  
Where horror o'er the mighty waste  
Smiled darkly on the sleep,  
That pulsed eternal thro' the æons vast  
Till nature broke the lethean spell  
Of passive atoms.

Like some dark vulture on its brooding nest  
Sat Chaos motionless—hatching deeper gloom  
Within the abysmal realms  
Of unfixed starless depths.  
His sable wings extended wide  
Was motion's changeful tide  
That called from unknown shores  
The spirits born of air.  
The ebon vault of heaven was filled  
With all the whirring flight  
Of shadowy pinions vast,  
And stirred the sleeping elements.

Silence, startled, swayed his drowsy limbs  
Through unconfined voids,  
Where trembling ether jarred  
Vaguely on the calmness

Of light's breaking morn,  
And all creation felt the jar  
Of fierce contending integrants.

Black Tartarus heaved and groaned  
When Chaos helpless shackled fell,  
While hurtling flames shot  
Trailing through the glowing sky  
Where quaking earths and heavens,  
With one convulsive throb  
Swung on in space.

Forth from primordial dawn  
Majestic, vast—his vivid strength  
Inclosed and panoplied with might  
Sprang full-crested Gravitation—  
His towering arm held high  
The unsheathed steel of latent power,  
Which crossed with Calor's blade  
Hot from the fires of haste,  
And every clanging stroke  
Launched into troubled seas  
A titan spark—and every spark  
An unfledged world.

On thundering rushed the cohorts  
Of misty systems vast,  
Whose brazen chariots, armed  
With omnipotence, rolled  
Swiftly through the tide of worlds,  
Where God's resounding hammers

From cyclopean anvils rang,  
And forged red heated spheres  
From slowly dying suns.

The breath of the Eternal  
Rolled upon the quickened skies,  
Then Chaos frightened  
Turned his jasper chariot back  
Unto the somber shades of gloom,  
And watched the budding germs  
Wheel through the busy air  
To fill empyrean vaults  
With hot starred suns,  
Central glowing, bending pale planets round  
Their changing orbits of time.

Into the fiery heart of worlds  
Shrank Calor; his glowing breath  
Was fettered with the ceaseless plunge  
Of waters that environed him about,  
And forged huge granite chains  
For his uplifting will,  
That strove in vain to burst the rock-ribbed bars  
Of continents.

The expiring breath of heat's  
Imprisoned god glowed from  
The lurid skies with all  
The fervor of a burning world,  
And smoking mountains vast  
Belched forth hot flames  
Upon the womb-like pall  
That shrouded Calor's tomb.

Gravitation reared his incandescent thrones  
 Where dull attendants circling  
 Basked in beams electric—  
 Where throbbing life resplendent  
 Shot from the glowing cars  
 Of sun-crowned gods, that filled  
 With teeming existence  
 The brown-robed daughters  
 Whose mysterious wombs  
 Brought forth strange shapes  
 From out the night of buried æons.

Cooling, shrinking 'midst the  
 Wheeling minions of one common law,  
 Roll'd Calor's satraps, ever  
 Exacting with a miser's greed  
 The glowing germs that gilded once  
 Each bright-winged orb  
 With beams mysterious,  
 And builded growing earths  
 With strange magnetic fire  
 Till animated clay  
 Enthroned the soul of reason,  
 With God's gift divine.

Harmonious order with stately march  
 Fixed all the bounds of cycles vast,  
 Where busy life upreared  
 Ten billion systems grand  
 From elements ethereal, and  
 Iron-handed Gravitation  
 Dragged ever his swift-wheeled  
 Juggernauts and satellited trains,

Along the star-lit ways,  
With swift appalling speed  
Toward the central sun  
Of Infinite Eternity.

The morning star of life  
Sang ever in contented mood,  
And balanced space  
With circling swing  
Was order's dial on the  
Face of heaven to score  
Exactitude—and yet  
Chaos in red haste rebelled,  
While Order trembling  
Fled before the mighty hosts  
That filled tumultuous heaven  
With legions armed and vast.

One by one the pulsing slaves  
Of each satrap's sun  
Drew ever nearer, and  
With narrowing orbs—wide,  
Toppling poles—nodding—trembling,  
Their seasons panting  
With consuming heat,  
And ever widening zones,  
Sped they, circling inward  
To their expansive doom.

Mountains melted into steamy clouds  
That hung heavy like some  
Thickening pall—vaporous and dark,  
Enfolding all the boiling rocks

Which broke the crusted fetters  
That pressed with stony might  
Upon the glowing heart  
Of bold imprisoned Calor.

E'en Calor's arms were chilled;  
The icy hand of space  
Tarnished the burnishments  
Of his resplendent shield,  
That covered his dull shrunken  
Limbs—uncoiled upon the vastness  
Limp and throbbless,  
Stretching upward—downward—  
Misty and dark the shadow  
Eclipsed the space-cooled suns,  
That flickering one by one  
Went out in gloom,  
While crippled Motion  
With disjointed wings  
Crept into the shades of doom.

Lifeless down drop'd the reins  
From Gravitation's iron hands,  
His spurred steeds affrighted  
Restive stood—breathing hot fire  
From nostrils quivering  
With all the pent-up power  
Of arrested motion.  
His thunderboltless chariot  
That once conquered with  
The vivid glare of lightnings,  
Now sombrous and harmless

Toppled o'er the clouded battlements  
Of heaven. Its golden wheels,  
Once gleaming suns innumerable,  
Turned not, yet floated o'er the  
Towering hosts, that snuffed the  
Fires of stars, and closed the ebon doors  
Of Chaotic eternity.

The universe was prostrate,  
Where wrecks of worlds  
Staggering ever aimless, like  
Swift currents from unchanneled beds,  
Whirling thro' cimmerian gloom,  
Careening headlong through  
The stygian realms of nil  
With all the mighty roar  
Of countless cyclones,  
Uprooting time and place  
From heaven's disrupted scroll.

E'en Chaos slept; his bounding pulse  
Was still and lifeless;  
Grim Disorder o'er the leagues  
Of vastness his drear vigils  
Kept upon the corse majestic,  
Wrapped in the robes of silence,  
Inert and dead—his vengeful  
Spirit, sullen, brooding,  
Sat upon the ruins  
Of black starless voids.

## MUSINGS OF MORN.

Backward on its noiseless hinges  
Swung the vast portals of  
All dazzling Heaven,  
And lighted the woeful abyss  
With such fervent glare,  
That shrunk affrighted  
Each discordant element  
Closer to the gloomy walls  
Of impenetrable night.

Forth from Jove's awful throne  
Flashed hot bolted thunder,  
And struck the legioned rebels  
With quick consuming shafts  
That Gravitation forged  
From Lesbian fires  
Of ten trillion suns.



## THE AGNOSTIC.

**A** LITTLE sunshine, a little shade,  
A doubt, a trembling tear,  
Some cherished hope delayed  
That gleams afar, yet seemeth near,  
Upward, onward you grope  
Unto the farthest height,  
Then down the shadowy slope  
Into the vale of silent night.

A faltering step, uncertain' slow,  
A gate, with golden bars  
That hides the do not know,  
Hopes, that shine like stars,  
And faith, a compass true  
That brightens each dull doubt,  
A faith that comes to you  
To light the unseen route.

Agnostic ready to deny,  
Yet willing to believe,  
Asking always for the why  
And wherefore—a golden sieve  
That winnows what thought reaps,  
Measuring the present with the beyond,  
Until tired nature sleeps  
And death absolves life's brittle bond.

To know, or not to know,  
Child of hidden fate,  
Stumbling onward you go  
Blindfolded thro' life's gate,  
A prey to every ill  
That lurks along your way,  
With naught but human will  
To check, and say you nay.

Delving, shelving human thought,  
Seeking deeper in the hidden mine,  
Where fancies deftly wrought  
Weave facts, that bloom divine,  
That man, may godlike think,  
Till deeper cult, with brighter eyes  
Peers o'er the wondrous brink,  
And truth with error lives and dies.

A thought sublime, a human stream  
That widens as it flows,  
A theorem, thesis, a dream  
That shimmering glows,  
To light some gilded age,  
Foreshadow of some mightier flight  
That fills some newer page  
With memory's toil-worn might.

O seer, O sage,  
With godlike mind,  
What thoughts engage,  
What pathways wind,  
Through labyrinthine scopes,  
Where facts and fancies blénd,  
You doubt, your faltering hopes  
Are threads that never end.

## WOULD YOU FORGET?

**I**F I were dead, would you forget  
Our mad love's rosy hue,  
A blush of dawn, a crimson amulet  
To shade the early dew  
Of morning—when the dawning air  
Was filled with matin chimes,  
Then all the world seemed fair,  
Would you forget those times,  
Would you forget?

If I were dead, would you forget  
To place upon my lowly grave  
The heliotrope, the mignonette  
That once you coyly gave  
To deck my tumbled hair,  
And crowned the old sweet day  
With garlands fresh and fair?  
Have you laid them all away  
Just for remembrance sake?

If I were dead, would you forget  
This faded crown that breathes  
A sigh for each dead violet,  
That binds the chaplet it enweaves,

Just for the golden hours that steal  
From out the vanished past,  
When hearts beat fast and my transported zeal  
Drank as if each drop would be the last  
In Time's immortal glass?

If I were dead, would you forget  
To mingle with fond memory's cup  
The fragrance we can treasure yet,  
And with love's passion sup  
From chaliced brim, the sweets untold  
That flavored each enamored draught  
With nectar, that the gods of old  
In heaven's empyrean quaffed?  
Forget! can you forget?

If I were dead, would you forget  
The pulse-throbs hot with sighs,  
Tho' years have fled, do you regret  
Those happy childhood ties,  
That made our hearts so glad?  
We lived in love's ecstatic dream,  
Where life was powerless to add  
One twinkle to love's star supreme,  
When we were young.

If I were dead, would you forget  
To kiss my painless brow,  
Just for the gray-lit sunset  
Of our lives, while fate's cold bow  
Recalls the feverish past,  
Berobed in ghostly grief,  
Whose flitting shadows cast  
O'er severed hearts some sweet relief,  
To bring us joy at last?

If I were dead, would you forget  
To place flowers on my entombed head?  
The stars will weep, the grass be wet,  
And summer roses all be dead.  
Tell me—place your hand upon my heart—  
Is old love, stronger than the new,  
Is it of life the tenderest part,  
Does it abide with you  
That we may not forget?

If I were dead, would you forget  
The heart that beats for thee,  
Whose weary throbbing fret  
Makes life some restless sea,  
Where all the ebbing tides  
Sweep over the stranded bar,  
Yet love, dear love abides,  
In the harbor that gleams afar,  
That gleams, for you and me?

## ODE TO MASONRY.

**T**HE ashes of empires are mingled with dust,  
Ambitions have lived but to die,  
The sword of the warrior is eaten with rust,  
Still Masonry binds with its mystical tie.

Wrapt in the mantle of ages,  
Secure from the touches of time,  
It confounds the wisdom of sages  
With its silence and symbols sublime.

Persecutions, like lances, are broken  
Against its adamant wall,  
Its language a grip or a token,  
Its tenets no laws can enthrall.

Temples and altars have crumbled,  
All kinds of 'isms may wane,  
Conquests have weakened and humbled,  
The pride and the power of man,

Yet Masonry, secure in its teachings,  
Enzones with its craftsmen the earth,  
Its precepts and edicts far-reaching  
As the dawn of its mystical birth.

Years have been cradled to sleep,  
Silent the Sphinx, and how grand,  
Its eyes o'er the centuries sweep,  
Half-buried in ruins and sand.

So our brothers in years that were olden  
Were wise in their pagan day,  
Reaping from precepts golden,  
Virtues that never decay.

**THE OLD BOOKKEEPER.**

**H**IS locks are gray, his form is bent,  
His sleeve, with many an elbow rent,  
Rests lightly on the red-ruled page  
Where numerals, dates and patronage  
Shine from the leaf, where trade combines  
With column rows and added lines,  
Credits and debits to justify  
For those who sell, for those who buy.

Year in, year out, with patient toil,  
'Midst all the rush, the mad turmoil  
Of tireless trade, he steers the ship  
Without a flaw, without a slip;  
His well-worn pen, with wearied skill,  
Fills out a check, or proves some bill,  
Receipts for money, pays a note,  
And enters each, with studied rote.

Scratch, scratch, far in the night,  
You'll see the argand shaded light  
Burn with a steady flame.  
Pound after pound, name after name,  
Fill up the ledger's spotless face,  
Where graceful curve or shaded trace  
Flow from his pen, while hand and brain  
Record the loss, or foot the gain.



A galley slave, chained to his oar,  
He checks the books, and ponders o'er  
Some error in the balance sheet;  
With painful care and look discreet,  
He tries the half, divides by nine,  
Up and down the puzzling line,  
Over and over, his work he goes  
Proving his figures in endless rows.

With cautious care he screens the sash,  
And counts the piles of glittering cash,  
Assorts the bills, and stacks the change;  
His anxious fingers soon arrange  
The silver towers along the desk;  
With thoughtful brow, and look grotesque  
He calls to mind the sums he's paid,  
The amounts received, the cash that's strayed.

Brains for bread, and bread for gold,  
Tho' young in years his heart is old;  
He plodding sows where others reap,  
Toils thro' the night when others sleep,  
A transient guest, where fortune smiles,  
Thro' storm and shine, tramps weary miles  
Away from home, with but one thought;  
His life is nil, his time is bought.

**IF THE HEART BE TUNED.**

**I**f the heart be tuned to sadness,  
How can the tuneful lute  
Wake chords of gladness  
When the lips are mute?  
Then touch the vibrant strings  
With the song that sorrow sings.

If the heart be tuned to gladness  
Steeped in love's red wine,  
Then let the youthful madness  
Sing with lips divine,  
And touch the trembling lyre  
With the song that words inspire.

If the heart be tuned to borrow  
Chords in a minor key,  
Then flow, O notes of sorrow,  
What thy soul shall sing for thee,  
Let the soothing cadence swell  
With sadness' witching spell.

If the heart be tuned to lays  
Of troubadour and knight,  
In the old chivalric days  
When deeds of might  
Were sung by minstrel seer,  
Then 'tis minstrelsy thy soul would hear.

## THE SUN SHINES FOR ALL.

**T**HE sun shines for all,  
His beams so brightly fall  
That flowers sweet unfold,  
Where twittering birds with joyful note  
Through golden air like seraphs float,  
And nest in leafy wold.

With ruddy glow his beams  
Light all the world with streams  
Of living, flashing fire;  
Luna, banished from his face,  
Wears her jeweled crown by his kingly grace  
As she sails the sky on her ebon gire.

The clouds blush red  
When he from his bed  
Creeps up from the pearly east;  
The morning star with a brilliant glow  
Shines brighter when the sun from below  
Gilds the crown of day's high priest.

The sun sinks to rest  
In the tawny west,  
Till castles of amber and gold  
Float in the brooding sky  
Where earth's shadows lie  
In night's encircling fold,

## A KISS.

**A** KISS, a kiss, a ruby kiss,  
Soul of a god divine,  
Whose love-entrancing bliss  
Glow in its red-lip wine!

Drunk with the sweet caresses  
That smile in its circean draught,  
Closer the cup love presses  
Till reason is daft.

Stealing from lips that are shy  
Sweets that addle the brain,  
Giving a kiss for a sigh,  
And the sighs for the kisses again.

Wishing and longing for more  
Of the baby god's maddening sips,  
We steal what we wish to restore,  
As we quaff from the pouting lips.

Every drop from ecstasy's cup,  
This mixture of pleasure and woe  
That angels ambrosially sup,  
While the heart, with its tenderest glow,

Feels the thorns of a rosy-leaf treason,  
Yet drawing the temptress nigh,  
Drowning the soul of reason  
In the wine of a dewy sigh.

## INVOCATION.

O MY silent lute,  
With chords unstrung,  
Why art thou mute?  
For the songs unsung  
Are yet to be  
Songs of joy to me.

Breathe music soft  
From thy trembling soul,  
Soar and speed aloft  
To thy enchanted goal;  
Be thou my matin bark,  
O tuneful circling lark.

Hang not, O minstrel lyre,  
On the drooping yew;  
Mount ever higher, higher,  
Till lost to view;  
Then will thy cheery note  
Through all the ages float.

## RAINDROPS.

**I**N my old armchair  
In the attic high,  
I watch the mist air  
Encurtain the sky.  
The soft drops fall,  
They patter and plash  
On the gray old wall,  
On the low-browed sash.

I see through my pane  
The storm clouds shift;  
Then they gather again  
And thitherward drift.  
Ah, bright patch of blue  
In a sky of lead,  
How your rainbow hue  
Wakes a soul that is dead!

The pattering rain  
Beats a soft tattoo  
On my window pane.  
How fancies woo  
From the soul its care,  
And reveries sweep  
Through my idle brain  
As I drowsily peep  
At the falling rain!

O roof moss-grown,  
O gables gray,  
How the years have flown,  
Since I dreamed away  
In my trundle bed  
The happy hours,  
While the rain overhead  
Fell in drenching showers!

How sweetly I slept,  
While the pattering streams  
Were Undines that kept  
Haunting my dreams!  
The dear soulless sprite  
Came again and again,  
Peeping out from the night  
And the falling rain.

Ah, the days were hours  
As I a truant played,  
Where freshening showers  
Bespangled the glade;  
I bathed in the pool,  
Hunted eggs in the hay,  
Played hookey from school  
To berry that day.

The sun's earliest beams  
Found me up and away,  
Wading in streams,  
Always ready for play.

Every stray beam  
Of the sun was a joy,  
Every moment a dream  
In the heart of a boy.

The raindrops are falling  
Just as they did then.  
I sit here recalling  
The years that have been,  
When the sun's morning beams  
Peeped over youth's hill  
With his dawning streams  
That precursored no ill.



A PRAYER TO LOVE.

**A**H! Love, heedless thou art  
Of pain;  
Come soothe my wounded heart  
Again.

Art thou false to every vow  
Once so sweet,  
That thus thou leav'st me now,  
Weeping at thy feet?

Seekest thou some newer shrine,  
Tired of the old,  
Where eyes with rapture shine,  
Soft yet bold?

Sweet Love, I sigh for thee.  
Thou cruel king,  
Art thou some roving bee  
With a sting?

Thou stolest love from me  
And fled,  
All the nectar for thee,  
For me, the dread.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

**P**RAYERS for the comely pair  
 That stand at God's altar to-day,  
 Sealing each vow with a prayer,  
 Seeking that Heavenly way.  
 Thrice blessed by the Father's hand  
 Sacred and solemnly sweet,  
 Under the arch they stand  
 Where chancel and altar meet.

Wishes for weal we waft you  
 On this your wedding day,  
 Flowers, sweet flowers we strew  
 On your triumphal way.  
 Wishing for you the sunniest sky  
 With never a moment of gloom,  
 For you the merriest hours that lie  
 In life's perennial bloom.

Blessings for hearts requited  
 By love so tender and true,  
 Not mated—forever united,  
 Waiting for years to strew  
 Its peace on the blended love  
 That grew in the lives of two,  
 Grew while the stars above  
 Pledged for the old, a health to the new.

## DEATH.

O HUNGRY wave  
From out life's somber west,  
Your inky waters lave  
All that's bright and best,  
Kissing the feet of time  
With pitiless soul.  
Who can divine  
Thy shoreless goal?

O iron-waved sea,  
Break on the shores of night,  
Flow forever on and be  
As the farthest flight  
Of life's unfettered wing,  
That cleaves the stygian air,  
A lost and aimless thing,  
A dream, a dark despair.

## CAPTIVE LOVE.

**Y**OUNG Love fluttered in the haze  
Of beauty's soulless shrine,  
His laughing eyes, with love ablaze,  
Gazed on a Psyche's charm,  
The rounded limb, the molded form,  
The queenly head, the shapely arm,  
Made Love a captive to her smile.  
Ah! woe to constant love,  
When love is won by guile.  
She made merry with his grief,  
Her heavenly eyes stole every shaft  
From out his quiver-sheaf.  
Her shapely fingers slyly bound  
His silver wings with silken cords,  
His cherub limbs were fettered round  
With bonds, that beauty's spell  
Had woven from the ashes of dead loves,  
And so he loved, and loving fell.  
Love blooms, but only to decay.  
When Love is dead,  
Then sense resumes his sway.

## AUTUMN.

PURPLE-HUED clusters are drooping,  
And filled with amber-eye wine,  
Garland leaves with tendrils enlooping,  
Hide the brown bark of the frugiferous vine.

Golden heads peep from the shock,  
The reaper is garnering his grain,  
His cradle with rhythmical rock  
Swings sideways, and forward again.

The yellow-husked Indian maize  
Hangs heavy, and tasseled with brown,  
Its dead leaves, with colors ablaze,  
Are gems in the dying year's crown.

Hay is ricked in huge racks,  
All over the newly mown field,  
The sweet-scented cone-covered stacks  
Are roughness, that rich meadows yield.

Yellow pippins, mellow and sweet,  
Hang over the stout wooden prop,  
Wine saps with juicy white meat,  
Are ripening, and ready to drop.

Summer is wrinkled and dead,  
The woodland is orange and brown,  
Autumn is spreading her soft russet bed,  
And sleeps in her crimson gown.

The harvest moon shining and still,  
Smiles on the crops laid by,  
The echoing plaint of the whip-poor-will,  
Rings in the autumn sky.

Sad is sigh of the dying year,  
Though plenty is scattered in heaps,  
The birth of a world is the price of a tear,  
Life is the death man reaps.

## A SEA SHELL.

**W**HERE is the builder,  
O shell?

Where is the gilder  
That painted so well?  
He is not at the door  
Where he should be.  
Was he cast ashore  
By the blue-limbed sea?

Was it Aurora's car  
That cut its way  
To the morning star,  
Where the beams of day,  
Like a crimson spell,  
Flashed amber and red,  
And tinted your shell  
From the clouds overhead?

O walls moresque,  
What wondrous shades,  
What colors grotesque  
From coraline caves,  
That blended your hues  
When the sea was still?  
Did Iris choose  
With an artist's skill?

When did your Triton's horn  
First startle the waves,  
And arouse gray morn  
In grottoes and caves?  
Did your matin refrain  
Through arch and hall,  
With its martial strain  
Echo Neptune's call?

How long has your door,  
Spiraline and queer,  
Lain on the strewn floor  
Of old ocean drear?  
Do you whisper oftly  
What the mermaids say,  
As they blow so softly  
In their mystic way?

What phantoms sigh  
Through your empty halls,  
Did the echoes die  
In your tinted walls?  
Are you gently telling  
Of another land,  
Where the waves are swelling  
On some golden strand?

What of other spheres?  
Of the sea's sad moan?  
Of the olden years?  
Of Neptune's throne



In the aisley deep  
    'Midst emerald days,  
Where the ages sleep  
    In their caves always?

You always tell  
    The same sad story  
With your ebb and swell  
    Of the æons hoary,  
Of the restless waves  
    That murmur low  
Where Neptune's slaves  
    Their conch-shells blow.

### DESTINY'S CLOCK.

**A**LL things come to those who wait,  
 Though dark the present be,  
 The iron hands of silent fate  
 Will mark each spaced degree.  
 Possess thy soul, with patience wait,  
 Though thine be an idle wheel,  
 The coiléd train with stroke sedate  
 Will unwind the parcean reel.

All things come to those who wait.  
 Hark! to the measured chime  
 Rung by each miter-mate  
 Down through the halls of time.  
 Possess thy soul—with patience wait,  
 Events uncoil its iron power,  
 Nor time, nor tide, nor love, nor hate,  
 Can antedate that pregnant hour.

All things come to those who wait.  
 Thy life's a part of one vast whole,  
 Can Envy's hand, or wrong abate  
 One steely stroke on its dial-scroll?  
 Possess thy soul, with patience wait,  
 Eternal truth with fire-shod feet  
 Shall thunder at the portal gate  
 Where Heaven and Justice meet.

## SNOWFLAKES.

ON fleecy wings,  
With twist and twirl,  
These downy things  
With fluttering swirl  
Fill all the sky  
And whiten the earth.  
Hear the pauper's cry,  
See the schoolboy's mirth.

The poor draw their rags  
And shiver with dread,  
The urchin lags,  
While you noiselessly thread  
Your winding way  
To the earth below;  
From a sieve of gray  
Falls the mantling snow.

O Stormking December,  
Shake not your sieve,  
Humanely remember  
The poor have to live,  
Keep your white down,  
O sky of lead,  
Spare the poor of the town  
That sorrow for bread.

## MUSINGS OF MORN.

Hear the pauper's cry  
As he shivers with dread,  
While you fall from the sky  
On his shelterless head.  
O flake upon flake,  
Why do you fall?  
For poverty's sake  
Your legions recall.

Killing and chilling  
With ice and sleet,  
With never a shilling  
To cover their feet.  
With a cry of despair,  
The poor of the town,  
With lockers bare,  
Watch the snow come down.

What have they done  
To merit such woe?  
With hope undone,  
Nowhere to go.  
Merciful God,  
O Father of all,  
Let your chastening rod  
With mercy fall.

**RUE NOT, AILEEN.**

**R**UE not the day, Aileen,  
When we met,  
When the golden sheen  
Of the yellow sunset  
Played over your hair  
At the garden gate.

Rue not the day,  
Aileen, when we plann'd  
In the olden way,  
When your velvet hand  
Plucked from its stem  
This flower.

Rue not, Aileen,  
Sweet lassie, the hours  
When an earthly queen,  
All crowned with flowers,  
You held court sway  
In that olden day.

Rue not the time,  
Aileen, when the clock  
With its silvery chime  
That struck to mock  
Swift moments that flew  
All too soon away.

Rue not, Aileen,  
The words you said  
That you did not mean,  
Down in the glade  
Where the flowers slept  
By the mill.

Rue not the love, Aileen,  
The love that was golden,  
Till with haughty mien,  
In the years that were olden,  
You sent me away  
From your side.

Rue not the years, Aileen,  
That have past,  
Nor the memories you glean  
From a field so vast;  
The harvest is sown,  
The reapers have flown.

## FORGETFULNESS.

**T**HERE'S a mansion so silent and strange,  
Where our thoughts like lone wanderers go,  
Wrapt in the robes that angels arrange  
In the halls of the sweet long ago.  
Gilded couches of fame where eternity keeps  
A watch on the deeds of the past,  
Where memory's enchained, and humility weeps  
O'er the ruins so scattered and vast.

Sleep on, O forgetfulness, thou seraph of peace,  
No longer shall time rudely quaff  
The dregs of pale woe from mortality's lease,  
Let sorrow be merry and laugh;  
Laugh at the banquet in Lethe's sable hall  
Where Morpheus peacefully sleeps,  
While the shadows of Somnus caressingly fall  
On the tears that forgetfulness reaps.

A right royal slave is this minion of death  
As he writes on his tablets of stone,  
Every wave of his hand is oblivion's breath,  
Every whisper a heart-broken moan.  
Yet he heals every wound, this servant of time,  
With the balm that forgetfulness brings,  
Immortal the years, eternal, sublime,  
Grand ruler of fate—a conq'ring king of all kings.

Empires and kingdoms have melted in dust,  
Ambition is only a dream.  
The sword of the hero is eaten with rust,  
His name but a meteor's gleam.  
Crowning glory may march with banners unfurled  
As stars that are gleaming on high,  
Yet, every waif of a thought, tho' it shadow a world,  
Must come to this mansion to die.



## LURLINE.

**W**E stood by the shore, where the restless deep  
Sang to this maiden and me;  
The moonlit waves, with a sprayey sweep,  
Played over the sea.  
We watched the silver-tip'd eddies creep  
Up from the heart of the sea,  
With a murmur low, and a rippling leap,  
They sang love's song to me.

Our love was hushed in the solemn night,  
The love of this maiden and me,  
While the passionless stars in their flight  
Drifted over the sea.  
The moon from her shadowy height,  
The stars, and the heaving sea,  
Promised a future so bright,  
A future for this maiden and me.

Wishes were waves that rippled the sand  
Just for this maiden and me,  
As we gathered shells from the tawny strand  
And gazed over the sea.  
Her warm, red cheek, and her dimpled hand,  
Were all of earth to me.  
I kissed her red lips by the zephyrs fann'd,  
Absorbed in love's dream were we.

We watched the cold moon slowly creep  
Up from its home in the sea,  
Its glimmering wake, with endless sweep,  
Was the pathway of love to me,  
For we loved with a love that was deep,  
Deep as the fathomless sea,  
Where the waters forever sleep  
In their waveless beds down under the sea.

We saw the round moon palely gleam,  
This maiden and me,  
And dreamed only dreams, that angels dream,  
Of loves radiant to be.  
How could we know that love's star supreme,  
The star of this maiden and me,  
The star of all stars, with silvery beam,  
Should shadow Fate's mournful decree.

The years, silent years have flown;  
The chordless harp of the sea  
Is ever a phantom's moan,  
Singing its song to me.  
Up in the great unknown,  
Over the limitless sea,  
Love shall claim ever its own,  
The love that is Heaven to me.

I HAVE BEEN LONELY.

I HAVE been lonely as a bird  
That cleaves the distant sky;  
No fleecy clouds, with silver furred,  
Drifted by.

Only the pale stars, and the moon,  
And the wondrous height  
Over the veiled festoon  
Of the spangled night.

Drifting where shadows die  
In the track of Phœbus' car,  
Poised where the night bird's cry  
Is heard afar.

Flitting on shadowy wing,  
Spirit of sad unrest,  
With full-feathered swing  
Over some mountain crest.

Why should the lone bird's moan  
Flutter and flutter and jar  
On a soul that soars alone,  
With hope for a guiding star?

## A ROSE IN RUINS.

**S**OMETHING so sweet as a rose  
Was plucked from its yielding stem,  
The prettiest and fairest she chose,  
With never a blemish or wem.  
Its radiance shone from her glossy hair,  
Like a gem in love's young crown;  
'Twas sweet to see a flower so fair  
Matched with a tress so brown.

Entranced with the heavenly dream,  
The waltz, the music, the night,  
Her eyes with rapture beam  
In the blaze of softened light.  
Ah! reckless eyes, what have you done,  
With your witching spell of power?  
The dance, the smiles, the flirting, the fun,  
Were only the boast of an empty hour.

He was a slave to the charms  
That nestled so coyly and shy  
In the sweep of his circling arms;  
A slave to the softest sigh  
That crept from this maiden's heart,  
And gleamed from her sparkling eyes  
With love's enraptured art  
Where love's own danger lies;

For both were under the golden spell  
 Of moments that entrance,  
 Where the music's soft voluptuous swell  
 Measured the merry dance.

"It is only a rose I give,"  
 She laughed a dove-like coo.  
 "So long as this rose shall live  
 Will my love be unto you  
 The merriest, maddest thing  
 In love's own world so bright;  
 And you shall be my king  
 In the merry dance to-night."

How the hot blood tinged her thought  
 As she blushed and then looked down,  
 While her glances softly sought  
 The bows on her ribbon gown.  
 With an arm so shapely and bare,  
 And a maiden's coyish grace,  
 She removed from her wavy hair  
 The rose from its envied place.

He counted the vanished past  
 As naught in the whirl of time,  
 For the rose its golden shadows cast  
 On the memories of manhood's prime  
 When he sighed at love's delays,  
 Pleased with this youthful toy,  
 And longed for the olden days  
 When he loved as a careless boy.

The faded rose in its plushen case  
Was the ghost of each vanished year,  
As it nestled amidst the faded lace  
So shriveled, so brown and sere.  
It told of a maiden's trust,  
Of the glance of the darkest eyes;  
Ah! the rose had crumbled to dust,  
Its memories were only sighs.

## A LOTUS BLOOM.

**D**IM centuries kiss thy fragrant, spotless lips;  
 Thy mirrored cradle was the delta Nile,  
 Where gods were bees and drank with eager sips  
 The sweets, while Ptah and Bast, with Kamadeva's  
 guile  
 Made Time some nuptial couch where Nefer  
 Atum's eyes  
 First saw the light 'neath Egypt's lambent skies.

You peep from carved wreath, or garlands graceful  
 sweep,  
 From hoary stone and work of ancient art,  
 From columned capitals that sleep  
 Within the tawny tombs of sand, a living part  
 Of all the historied years that mark each pic-  
 tured wall,  
 And yet thou hast outlived the Pharaoh's rise and  
 fall.

Harpocrates, the silent god, made thy sweet lips a  
 throne,  
 A Phœbus car, born of the radiant sun,  
 Where curled Hyperion with golden vestments shown  
 To bless the earth, the season's changeless run,  
 While streaming day climbs upward in the east  
 Crowned with the joys of Eros' ardent feast.

Lakshmi from the depths of Neptune's realm  
Slept in thy calyx, while each scented leaf  
Outspread its waxen sail and veer'd the emerald helm  
O'er waveless seas, to pink-hued coral reef;  
Immortal, bright, on Lótus couch to soar  
From milky waves that kiss'd the jeweled shore.

In Buddha's lore thy incense sweet  
Is beauty's worshiped shrine, where earth  
Enmolded clay is shaped with angel feet;  
Whims, that make an empire's birth,  
Some matchless charm, where harems shine,  
Whose "Golden Lilies" make thy flower divine.



## I'M THE RESTLESS SPIRIT OF DAWN.

I'M the restless spirit of light,  
From Apollo's palace I peep  
On the spangled cobwebs of night,  
Where a world is cradled in sleep.  
A courier of morn, my quivering lance  
Grayly pales every star of the west;  
My fiery steed, with a martial prance,  
Bears upward my warlike crest.

I girdle my panoplied car  
With gems of crimson and gold,  
The beams of the morning star  
Is my banner that æons unfold.  
I shimmer and glimmer on light's trembling wave  
O'er seas of opal-hued red,  
I place day's crown, that Aurora engraves  
On the sun god's resplendent head.

My fire-shod steeds with golden hoofs  
Are aglow with the light of the east,  
Their flowing manes with gilded woofs  
Are the robes of day's high priest.  
The homage of a world is mine  
As I hide night's stars with gold;  
My royal robes with jewels shine  
Like sapphire wine that is rare and old.

I drive bright Phœbus' car  
In my mantle of sober gray;  
The flashing light of the morning star  
Is the god's empyrean way.

I blow my golden horn  
While shadows westward creep,  
I recall the gray spirits of morn  
As onward majestic I sweep.

I unfetter the bonds of sleep  
With the daintiest touch of my wand,  
Where heaven's stars bright vigils keep  
Over the black-robed land.  
There Night her harvest sows,  
Gray nursling that enthralls  
With sleep, earth's numbing woes  
In sorrow's joyless walls.

The diamond spray on the velvet grass  
Is dark in the moon's pale beam,  
In my rays they shine like fine spun glass,  
With an opalescent jewel's gleam.  
Morn's rainbow robes with quivering gems  
Are bedecked with nature's dyes,  
The flowers of earth on their emerald stems  
Have a thousand sparkling eyes.

The songbirds pipe sweet-throated trills  
To the god of refreshing morn,  
The bubbling notes of the gurgling rills  
Are echoes of my matin horn.  
The earth is glad, the chanticleer  
Proclaims thro' the star-lit dawn  
That the birth of another day is near,  
And life awakes with a sleepy yawn,

## A TOI!

**T**O thee—sweet one, each lonely thought  
    Strays with some hallowed spell,  
Each sigh by absence gently caught  
    Roams where my heart would dwell.

To thee—my life—my proud heart's prayer,  
    Could seek no holier shrine,  
For every throb that flutters there  
    Steals to this heart of mine.

To thee—though absent still, thou art  
    The image in my dreams;  
I wake to sigh and restless start,  
    So true the vision seems.

To thee—each hope, like Noah's dove,  
    Will wander forth to seek  
Some token of thy tender love  
    That beams from eye and cheek.

To thee—no heart could be more true,  
    Though sundered far by space,  
In my soul I think of you,  
    And yearn to see your face.

To thee—each moment wafts a sigh  
    On love's most ardent wing,  
While longing hopes like wanderers hie  
    Where memories sweetly cling.

## THE SONG OF WINE.

I SMILE in the Lethean bowl,  
And peer from its sparkling brim  
At the death of a ruined soul,  
At the wreck so ghastly and grim.  
At the wreck so ghastly and grim.  
God's image I ruthlessly bear  
With wine so tempting and red;  
The sting of grim conscience I sear  
Till hope, like a phantom, has fled.

I heed not the madman's grin,  
Nor the tears that mortals shed.  
I live in my palace of sin,  
Where hope is eternally dead.  
I rule with a tyrant's sway,  
My scepter a merciless rod;  
I sweep earthly honors away  
With only a tempter's nod.

I know no mercy; with a Circe's spell,  
I turn all men to brutes;  
My robes are red as the fire of hell,  
That roars and upward shoots;  
Drowning the soul's lost cry  
With remorse that comes apace,  
Till the worm that never dies  
Is the leer of a devil's face.

I fear no kingdom, I heed no law;  
My vassal desire, with blood on fire,  
Is the drunkard's insensate maw,  
That chants on hope's red pyre  
The song of the soul's despair;  
That rings in the realms of dread,  
Where the Eriny's serpent hair  
Feeds on the souls of the dead.

Like the angel of death, I am near,  
And count each moment my gain,  
Drop for drop, tear for tear,  
And laugh, as they struggle in vain.  
For bread I give them a stone;  
For love the scorpion's sting.  
My harvest by devils sown  
Is the song my bacchants sing.

Hope is a stranger within my drear wall,  
Where all the dark shadows of woe  
Bear ever the shroud of a funeral pall,  
Like mourners that mercifully go  
To the death of horror and shame,  
And mourn for the helpless lost—  
Pilgrims, whose nameless name  
From God's record is tearfully cross'd.

## NIGHT.

**T**HE glowworms on the dew-wet blades  
Are rocked by the breath of chilly eve,  
Their pale-hued lamps with flickering shades  
Are the ghosts that the goblins weave.

The drowsy hum of the beetles' wings,  
As they soar in their droning flight  
O'er the sleeping world, where the welkin rings,  
Is the song of a summer night.

The wild beast prowls from his hidden lair,  
The owl flits forth to prey,  
The sleepy bat whirs through the air,  
And laughs at the king of day.

The bubbling throats of the noisy frogs  
Are pæans to le roi, le roi,  
To the queen of night with her mists and fogs,  
To prankish Puck, her elfish boy.

The grassy world is a strange, strange world,  
That bathes in the sparkling dew,  
Where the flowers nod with leaves a-curved  
And dream of the sun's red hue.

All insect life awakes from the sleep  
Of a hot, long summer day,  
Till the lordly sun, with golden sweep,  
Hides every jeweled ray.

## THE WHITE LIPS OF THE SEA.

**C**HILDREN of the wind and wave,  
White capped, careless and brave,  
Skimming o'er the restless deep  
Where naiads sweetly sleep;  
Bounding on the briny billows,  
Soft, frothy, downy pillows  
That rock with the tide  
And then subside.

Musical the ceaseless splash  
With its drowsy flash,  
Glinting in the splendid sun,  
Leaping, lapping, full of fun,  
Hiding in some caverned rock,  
Dashing with a clashing shock  
All along the craggy shore,  
Then lost, forever more.

Foamy, sparkling, beaded lips,  
Drinking nectar, where the coral sips  
Ambrosia from the tawny land,  
Then die away upon the glistening sand;  
Kissing, kissing, with a curl,  
Maddening clash, or wrathful hurl,  
Rebounding with a sullen roar,  
Strewing shells upon the floor  
Of Time's most ancient sea.

Hiding in some lonely cave,  
Murmur, murmur, as you lave  
The cold gray rocks or shapeless jags,  
Leaping high to scale the crags  
Where humid shadows coyly hide  
To peep on vastness blue and wide,  
And rouse the seagulls from their nests,  
With plunging surf, and towering crest,  
    You mount the castle's walls.

Greedy lips whose deadly kiss,  
With swirling pride and hungry hiss;  
Gnawing with the tooth of Time  
The Atlas load, that looms sublime  
Where rugged cliff or sculptured vase,  
With hoary head and crumbling base,  
Whose toppling crown, o'erweighted with grim age  
Grotesquely laughs, yet yields to Neptune's rage,  
    Though born of flood and fire.



## IN FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

**S**WINGING on the turnstile,  
Waiting at the pier,  
Wishing, longing, all the while  
That my love was near.

Such a noble fellow,  
Holding in his hand,  
A bombazine umbrella  
Which he waves toward the strand.

The New Camelia's landed,  
He hastens to the shore,  
Heiler's best he handed  
Me—with thanks and bows galore.

I dream of all the sweets  
That in that package lie,  
Where Cupid's smile with ardor greets  
The love that cannot die.

Ah! now we sit enchanted  
Beneath the live-oak tree  
Upon the bench that's canted  
Just for my Clem and me.

The stars seem all the brighter  
As we see-saw on the stile,  
I know my heart is lighter,  
For he tells me with a smile,

That-that-Its only for a year,  
It's sweet, it's nice, it's true,  
I cannot tell, oh! dear!  
If you were me, would you?

Whirling in my dogcart,  
Through avenues of trees,  
Sitting by my faithful heart  
That only beats to please.

Speeding Dolly Pony  
Along the sandy road,  
O'er ruts, and stretches stony  
To Mandeville's abode.

Or walking arm in arm  
Down by the village lake,  
Can loving be a harm?  
I'll not think so for his sake.

## DO FLOWERS DREAM?

DO flowers dream? prescient dreams,  
Wrapt in night's mantle drear,  
Where starlight softly, shyly gleams  
On the dawn of another year?  
Do they slumber lightly where  
Morn with its pearlsh tips  
Steals through the balmy air  
To kiss the rosebud lips  
That pout, in his morning beams,  
With the airs of a coyish miss,  
As they bathe in his golden streams  
And dream of the sun god's kiss?

Do they dream of lovers wee?  
While their petals red unfold  
To tempt the roving bee  
With stores of amber gold?  
He sips from a gilded cup  
Sweets distilled from sighs,  
A feast where lovers sup  
On a couch of Tyrian dyes.  
Dusting the velvets and blues,  
With the germs of future springs,  
Wiping his dainty shoes  
With the tips of his busy wings.

Do they dream of the silent hour  
That steals to the shadowy past,  
Dead loves, in a leafless bower  
Where the hope of life is cast  
In a shower of fragrant rain,  
Whose Iris' jewels gayly spread  
Are the tears of a numbing pain  
That sleeps on a crimson bed?  
Do they dream of the withered urn,  
Robbed of its petals red,  
Of the leaves that slowly turn,  
Of the years so white and dead?

Do they dream of lovers flown,  
Whose carved and sculptured wings  
Speed where the wild flowers blown  
Sing, as the flowers sing?  
Have these wanderers strayed away,  
Are they dead in a chrysalis tomb,  
Do the flowers sigh for a newer day  
When spring from its bursting womb  
Shall set these rovers free,  
To sip from each jeweled bowl  
The promised life to be,  
The life that sleeps in the rose's soul?

A COQUETTE.

**N**AY, do not shrink, my sweet!  
Wounded Love with broken wing  
Lies bleeding at your feet.

You killed him! Do not start,  
Touch his cold brow,  
Place your hot hand upon his heart.

Do not fly; the little god is dead,  
Bays, not crimson roses,  
Crown his immortal head.

### THE GAME OF THE SOUL.

**A** WONDERFUL game between Evil and Good  
Was once played in the alley of sin,  
The tenpins were up and stolidly stood  
Waiting for time to begin.  
In walked the Devil, with Good by his side,  
And tossed for the premier bowl;  
Time was the umpire, and Satan with pride  
Commenced the strange game of the soul.

He aimed the smooth ball, with cunning and skill,  
But Good threw a prayer in the way,  
Which strengthened the soul, and stiffened the will,  
Hence the Devil was crossed in his play.  
Not one of the ten were shaken or down,  
All stood in the straightest of rows;  
Quoth the Devil, with ever a sulphurous frown,  
I will win! I must win! so here goes.

The ten in their pride were exultant and wise,  
Each better than the one that stood by.  
Number One was a preacher, with saintly disguise,  
Who preached how a sinner should die.  
The Devil aimed well, for pride was his sin,  
And Ego was first in his prayer;  
The ball sped along with wonderful vim,  
While Good looked on with despair.

The nine were unfeeling, and vented their spite,  
Nor harbored a charitable thought,  
If the tenpin was wrong, the Devil was right;  
Number One in his pride was soon caught.  
It pleased Satan to think that not one of the ten  
Spoke up for the poor fallen pin;  
Quoth Satan to Good, if this is the way of the men,  
I'll down them, and gather them in.

Number Two was alarmed by the jar of the ball.  
The Devil winked gold, as he aimed at the next,  
And poor Number Three, with a thud struck the wall;  
For gold was the god in his text.  
The Devil laughed low, for the wonderful power  
Was more potent than the prayers of the just,  
The glitter of wealth with its golden dower  
Tumbled honor and pride down into the dust.

Number Two stood up, with her finger of scorn  
Directed to those which were down;  
Quoth she: My virtue is pure. I was not born  
To soil even the skirts of my gown  
By touching such sinners as you.  
Mephistopheles smiled, as he winked and beguiled  
The soul that was said to be true,  
Yet Satan well knew her soul had been often defiled.

Number Four said ha! ha! I've a pew in the church,  
Three times each day on my bended knees  
I *pray* for the fallen, who've been left in the lurch,  
But nothing but prayers, give I these.

If I *prey* on my neighbors it's only a trade,  
And nobody's business but mine.  
Sly Satan himself for the tenpin played,  
And knocked Number Four from the line.

Five, Six, and Seven, came down in a heap,  
Envy, Hatred, and Malice, were game for the Devil,  
His smooth worldly ball, with a wonderful sweep,  
Brought humanity down to his level.  
Seven tenpins were down—the three that remained  
Were upright—their time had not come,  
Their garments had never been stained,  
And for once the old Devil was dumb.

The Serpent was crafty, and watched for a chance  
To pierce the bright armor of Morality's steel  
With the point of his soul-searching lance,  
While Time counted years on his wheel.  
The three who had scoffed at these children of crime  
Went down 'fore the Devil's sure bowl.  
With the stoutest, and bravest, it's a matter of time  
When the wave will roll over each soul.

Then Good bowed his head and silently wept,  
His hood was drawn over his face,  
His hand on his heart, he solemnly kept  
As he slowly withdrew from the place.  
Stay, Goody Good, do not hurry away,  
For Devils are moved by your tears,  
Although I have won in this play  
'Tis Pity that rules all the years.



The tenpins are down, and with them the creed  
That makes all the earth my game,  
'Tis lying, and cheating, and infamous greed  
That make your religion a name.  
When Pity and Charity walk hand in hand  
The weak shall be strong, and the strong shall be  
kings,  
With never a Devil a scour the land,  
Then I'll be shorn of my membranous wings.

### IT WAS MINE; IT IS HIS.

I LAID a lily upon its breast,  
 A flower plucked from night,  
 Its dew-wet scented crest  
 Was not more white  
 Than lips an angel press'd  
 With God's own kiss so light,  
 That cherubs rock'd its soul to rest  
 And plumed its sinless flight.

The parian gem was all  
 That my poor hand could place  
 Upon the white-robed pall.  
 I wept, and kissed the baby face  
 Whose beauty, like some waxen doll,  
 Was blended with a seraph's grace,  
 A sinless smile, where Adam's fall  
 Left not of sin the faintest trace.

I would not, if I could, restore  
 To earth my memoried sweet,  
 Whose guileless heart forever more  
 I place at Jesus' feet.  
 Why do I weep? The jeweled door  
 Of heaven hides God's mercy seat;  
 I should not ask him to do more  
 Than give to me what seemeth meet.

## THE ACADIAN MAID.

DAUGHTER of France,  
In this genial clime,  
Where woodlands entrance,  
Where the tropical lime  
Peeps from the lush leaves  
With its yellow surprise,  
While nature enweaves  
With her soft summer sighs,  
The fabric of fragrance  
That rustles the flowers,  
And life's idle vagrance  
Dreams in its wild bowers.

The magnolia's sweet breath  
Steals on the calm air,  
No winter's cold death  
Creeps from its white lair,  
But sunshine and shade,  
With a hide and a peep,  
Through the low tangled glade  
Like coy shadows creep,  
Where orange groves nestle  
In woodlands that lie  
Where winds wildly wrestle,  
But wrestle to die.

Daughters of exile,  
From *marias* and *fond*,  
Break with thy smile  
Crowned Albion's bond,  
No longer shall power  
Destroy with its flame  
The latticed home bower,  
Where maiden and dame  
In kirtle and gown  
Kept tidy the hearth,  
While the sun's going down  
Filled the dim drowsy earth  
With songs of the reaper  
On the granaried floor,  
Till the seal of night's keeper  
Locked the husbandman's door.

Dark tressed thy locks,  
As raven-hued wing,  
With a luster that mocks  
The plutonian king  
In the sabled hues  
Of cimmerian gloom,  
Where Tartarus strews  
Thro' the black sunless room  
The colors that glow  
In the tints of thy hair  
In the ripples that flow  
From shoulders so fair.

All the light of the East  
Gleams in thy dark eyes,  
Where Love's royal feast  
With wondrous surprise,

Lies lambent in flames  
 'Neath the languishing lid,  
 While Cupid's sly aims  
 In their splendor is hid;  
 Eros' arrows that thrill  
 In the flash of a glance,  
 Shy shafts of the will  
 That glow to entrance.

On the spreading *grand pre*,  
 'Midst isles of green oak,  
 By the sparkling *coolee*  
 A thin curl of smoke  
 Up flows a dun cloud  
 On the still, hazy air,  
 A horseman so proud,  
 With a grace *debonair*,  
 Dismounts from his steed  
 At an humble *pieu* door,  
 Where canebrake and reed  
 Drown memories of yore.

Sing thy love song  
 'Neath the soft sighing pine,  
 In *patois* so fluent and strong,  
 Sing 'neath the shade of some flowering vine,  
 Sing in thy soul, Acadian maid,  
 Forget, oh! forget, all the wrong.  
 Normandy's child in virtue arrayed,  
 To whom all the graces belong,  
 The mocking bird's trill that lulls thee to rest  
 Is soft as the whisperings of spring,  
 Tho' rough is the wall, and humble the nest,  
 That sleeps 'neath the Pelican's wing.

**THE SONG OF THE SHIFTING BAR.**

**I** PEEP from the ocean's breast,  
A bit of uncharted land,  
With my coral-anchored crest,  
And leagues of shifting sand.  
No emerald-crowned earth,  
Or waving palm or date,  
But the silent birth  
Where centuries wait,  
And the atoms of silent toil  
Weave crowns of stony lace,  
Unheeding the surf's recoil  
They lay every tier in its place.

I keep with an iron grasp  
The wreck that you see just there,  
And my drifting fingers clasp  
Its sides so brown and bare.  
Oh, ho, 'twas a royal ship  
That Neptune gave to me,  
As the storm-king's frothy lip  
Churned the angry sea,  
But that was long ago  
In the dead forgotten years;  
The tides that ebb and flow  
Have buried the April tears.

Ah, 'twas a fearful blow  
When she struck with pounding shocks.  
How could the helmsman know  
Of this isle of hidden rocks?  
The big black hull stood out  
From the glare of the inky sky,  
She looked so taut and stout  
'Twas a pity to see her lie  
Careened on her starboard side,  
Shrouded in silent gloom,  
Joy of the builder's pride  
Buried in Neptune's tomb.

I could hear the maddening shrieks,  
And see faces ghastly white,  
While the lightning's vivid streaks  
Flashed on the inky night.  
The minute gun at sea  
Flamed in the curtained sky,  
But what was its boom to me  
Or the dead that drifted by?  
What could I do to save  
These victims of the sea?  
'Twas the fault of wind and wave  
That left them all with me.

Ah, the hearts that yearn in vain  
Far over the ocean wide,  
Will never see again  
The faces of those who died,  
Never feel the clinging touch  
Of a last and sad good-by;

The ocean's soulless clutch  
Smother'd their dying cry.  
Time has opened the door,  
And swallowed ship and crew,  
To strew the ocean's floor,  
And carpet its aisles anew.

I'll caress this baby's face,  
Upturned to the somber sky,  
Germ of a future race  
So soon, so soon, to die.  
I'll untwine the fingers wee  
From the strands of its mother's hair.  
'Twould break your heart to see  
The smile so radiant fair  
That peeped from the angry foam  
Into the great somewhere  
Where the babies find a home,  
And a Father's tender care.

I'll kiss the pallid brow  
Of its mother, so cold and still.  
I wish I could tell you how,  
With the strength of a mother's will,  
She clung to her only child  
With the strength of fell despair,  
And plucked from the furies wild  
This tiny thing so fair.  
The love for her darling shone  
In the clasp of her entwined arm  
Smothering the dying groan  
To shield her all from harm.



There lay a stricken bride  
Bedecked in her bridal dress,  
A husband's youthful pride  
Whose stare of dumb distress  
Would have touched a heart of stone  
As he breathed the last sad sigh  
In a little gurgling moan.  
Together there they lie,  
The bride, and her stricken groom,  
Stretched on a damp cold bed  
Where the surge with its sullen boom  
Weaves shrouds for the loving dead.

Ah, such a covetous stare  
On this face so wrinkled and thin,  
Looking forever up there  
Steeped in idolatrous sin,  
Fearing and trembling the while  
That gold and his soul must part,  
Hugging his glittering pile  
With only a stone for a heart.  
What is his wealth to me,  
For I'll bury in the sand  
Whatever the restless sea  
Shall cast on my lonely strand.

Avarice, love, and fame, lie here,  
Ambition, and envy, too,  
Stretched on a coral bier  
Where the wavelets shyly strew  
Oblivion's somber shroud.  
What is life, after all?

A drifting, shifting cloud,  
Weaving a funeral pall  
From the winds whose lonely sigh  
Chants a requiem low  
To the years that quickly fly,  
To the shadows that come and go.

'Tis many a year since then,  
But I my vigils keep  
Over the phantom men  
That grimly peep  
From port and ruined deck,  
Over the ribless side  
Of this lost and nameless wreck  
Where a hundred specters hide.  
Ah, ha, how their ghostly eyes  
In fleshless sockets burn,  
As they climb the moldy guys  
On to the weathered stern.

Peeping from out the past  
Into the vanished way  
Where head lines cast  
Are anchored for aye,  
Is it always their weird wail  
That swells in the starless night,  
Or the freshening gale,  
Or the petrel's flight,  
That moans thro' the flapping sail  
Which clings to the rotting spar?  
Or the seamen pale,  
That chant the Song of the Shifting Bar?

## WHAT DO THEY SAY.

**W**HAT do the daisies say,  
    Nodding on their stems?  
Eyes of the golden day,  
    Earth's florescent gems,  
Children of the sun and shower,  
    In their leaf so green  
Is the silent power  
    That works unseen;  
Building ever living walls  
    With their protoplasmic cells,  
Drinking gentle dew that falls  
    From Heaven's wells,  
Making glad the hearts of men  
    With their virgin bloom,  
Living for a day, and then  
    They're moldering in the tomb.

What do the stars say,  
    From their midnight throne?  
In each little sparkling ray,  
    From æons flown,  
Tremble molecules of light  
    Which the spectrum sifts,  
Messengers of God's own might,  
    Where star dust drifts,

Moving thro' eternal space  
On the wings of change,  
Vagrants, knowing neither time nor place,  
Waiting ever to arrange  
Through ether's halls  
The protean life, whose little day  
Time entralls,  
In his remorseless way.

What do the rocks say,  
Uplifting titan heads?  
Where cloudlets play  
In silver shreds,  
Crowns of eternal snow,  
Sentinels, whose silent birth  
Make the rivers flow  
Through the teeming earth.  
How did the mountain grow?  
In strata tiers  
Where the ocean's flow  
Washed the shoreless years.  
Again shall the nevermore  
Sing o'er the vasty deep,  
Where the mighty change of yore  
Shall surely sleep.

## DESTINY.

**A** CHILD of Earth, on Parcæ's throne,  
That carves from shapeless stone  
The semblance of a marble god,  
And makes the clay some honored clod  
Of animated will. No seer can antedate  
The flying courser's feet that never wait  
On tardy doubt—but gallop on and on  
Till soulless Sloth bids fading Hope begone.

A king—who makes the world a slave  
To keen Desire—whose deeds with glory pave  
The martial road where heroes tread,  
Crowned with the laurels that outlive the dead.  
Some golden moment stretch'd forth a ready hand,  
Uprose a knight with power at his command  
To place his heel upon the iron neck of Fate,  
And sit enthroned in royal robes of state.

Adamantine heart, with victor's polished lance  
Poised for a thrust which waiting Chance  
Directs with warrior's sightless skill  
Against some bold resolve, or struggling will  
That sinks to rise amidst the jousting list,  
Unhorsed and shieldless, by misfortune kiss'd,  
A fallen star, bedimmed by want and rust,  
A jewel still—more brilliant in the dust.

Fore ordained—thy crown is History's page,  
That glows with fame thro' every age;  
Its luster shines with sparkling ruby fire  
And dazzles man, whose nourished hopes aspire  
To live when fleeting dust shall lie  
Within the tomb—Time itself will die,  
To mark the past for other kings to climb  
Up, up, to higher flights, immortal, brave, sublime.

What power can steal the dauntless might  
Or stay the onward fight,  
Of Destiny—that yields to eager Chance  
Some potent charm—a force to thus enhance  
The value of the prize which tempting sways  
From passion's shapeless trees whose unwreathed bays  
Lie at the feet of swift departing Time  
That wills to Earth the glory of its funeral chime.

## AS IF THE STARS WOULD TELL.

**H**E kissed me 'neath the spreading elm,  
When the stars were bright  
In their ebon realm  
Till each diamond point of light  
Dim and dimmer grew,  
While their shadows softer fell,  
As if the stars would tell.  
I do not think they would,  
Do you?

He kissed each wanton tress  
That fell with tender grace  
Where love's own caress  
Crimsoned my face.  
While elfins coyly threw  
A charm o'er hill and dell,  
As if the elves would tell.  
I do not think they would,  
Do you?

The silver moon, so bright and wise,  
From her spangled throne  
Heard all the tender sighs  
That were our own,

And the vows that loves renew  
In my heart forever dwell,  
As if the moon would tell.  
I do not think it would,  
Do you?

I believed the flowers listened,  
For their nodding heads,  
With night's jewels glistened,  
Peeped from their rosy beds.  
I'm almost sure they knew  
Of love's entrancing spell,  
As if the flowers would tell.  
I do not think they would,  
Do you?

He loved me, and I loved him, too,  
With his arm around my waist,  
And only heaven knew  
That our love was chaste,  
For we did as lovers do  
That love so well,  
As if heaven would tell.  
I do not think it would,  
Do you?



## THE SONG OF RUM.

**A** KING of destruction, I laugh, ha! ha!  
With a hissing sting, and a fiery eye,  
I glide from still with a seething hum,  
To lure the swift steps of the passer-by,  
And drown his soul in a glass of rum.

A king of destruction, I laugh, ha! ha!  
At the sorrowing ones, that famish and die;  
Want is my slave and shame is my pay;  
I gloat in the anguish that breathes in a sigh,  
As I lead some weak brother astray.

A king of destruction, I laugh, ha! ha!  
At my servant that men call death,  
As he reaps in my slum, the vilest of scum,  
Where the ribald jest, and the wine-cursed breath,  
Are the devils that men call dumb.

A king of destruction, I laugh, ha! ha!  
At the brutes that I make, for King Alcohol's sake;  
With never a care, as my minions prepare,  
With insidious shake, the drinks that I make,  
Till they drain the hot dregs of despair.

A king of destruction, my banner, ha! ha!  
Floats over the sin-covered earth;  
It flaunts over knaves, and defiantly waves,  
Where crime has its shackles, and vice has its birth,  
Its homage, the will of my slaves.

A king of destruction, I laugh, ha! ha!  
At the maniac's grin, steeped in brandy and sin,  
At the serpents that crawl from the bed to the wall,  
At the shuddering din that laughs in the gin,  
And mocks at the madman's call.

A king of destruction, I bury, ha! ha!  
The paupers that fall to my lot;  
A potter's field drear, all withered and sear,  
Where the grave of each sot, in some lonely spot,  
Will be hallowed by Charity's tear.

## WOODLAND ECHOES.

**A**NGELS of spring are whispering to me,  
Softly their echoes come drifting in glee,  
From the depths of the copse, with its wild tangled  
grace,  
From the shade of the oak, whose limbs interlace,  
Where arches of promise shut out the blue sky,  
And the leaves sing their song with a tremulous sigh.

Echoes are ringing near the clear hidden spring,  
That tempts a wee warbler, whose swift downy wing,  
With a flit and a flirt whirs thro' the still air  
Without a thought of the morrow, a wish or a care;  
Perched on a twig, by the bright crystal bowl,  
He trills his clear notes with the strength of his soul.

Each echo repeats the melodious strain,  
As it whispers the crotchets again and again,  
While the woodpecker beats, with the roll of the  
drum,  
A reveillé brave on the bark of a gum;  
Each sylvan refrain steals thro' the green aisles  
Where the face of Dame Nature in harmony smiles.

A timid hare peeps from some moldering root,  
Snugly hidden away by a thrifty young shoot,

Which spreads its green mantle to hide the retreat  
Where shadows and darkness like wanderers meet,  
Till the crush of a leaf all withered and sear,  
Frightens the culprit that cowers in fear.

The chick-a-dee twitters its simple sweet note,  
Just as if its life lesson had been learn'd all by rote;  
The cohorts of Pan shrilly multiply sound,  
Exchange the twit-twees for the bay of a hound,  
That rings thro' the woods with a threat'ning cry,  
And the shy, timid hare springs forward to die.

The silvery stream gurgles on to the sea,  
Coyly hiding its sheen 'neath some fanciful knee,  
That zigzags above, half-buried in leaves,  
Yet clinging to terra where the swift channel cleaves,  
A sparkling thread thro' the pebbles and sand  
Till the naiads of ocean kiss the echoes of land.

Sound dies away in the wavelets of peace,  
The minions of silence like shadows increase,  
And slumber beneath every leaf, or a stone,  
While the ripples that roused them, like phantoms,  
have flown.

Sly goblins guard—with sentries' soft tread,  
This Castle of Silence, and its brown leafy bed.

## A WITHERED ROSE.

**C**OULD I restore this faded rose,  
Now prized with things so dear,  
Retouch the shrunken leaves whose dead repose  
Is watered by this tear;

Could I but feel as I felt when  
I crushed with one embrace  
This harmless little gift, and then  
I pressed a hundred kisses on your face,

Where blushes chased each other swift  
To shame this crimson flower,  
How fiercely Love with sails adrift  
Caught every sighing dower

Which turned to ashes on our lips.  
Ah! then I picked from out the dust  
This wounded bud, whose honeyed sips  
Are hidden in its shriveled rust.

Our hours were gilded thrones of hope,  
Your soft white hand was closely pressed in mine,  
'Twas then we plann'd, and with a wider scope  
Drank all the sweets, while love divine

Slept in our happy hearts.

I placed this treasure in your hair,  
And coyly smoothed the tangled parts  
Which curled with tumbled grace, and fair

To look upon, as one would wish to see.

Now the golden locks are gray,  
Our youth has fled, a sad deep grave, ah me!  
That laid our hopes away.

A perfumed tomb where mortal love  
Sleeps on and on, till Memory's self shall die.  
Dear deathless dreams like Noah's dove  
Will wander back to lie

Where buried hearts can come and steal  
Some pleasure from the past,  
Can throb again and thrilling feel  
The joys that could not last.

## SOMETHING.

**S**OMETHING there is, that speeds to the sight  
And falls on the optical nerves;  
Some gossamer slave that royally serves  
The beautiful kingdom of light.

Something there is, that steals on the ear,  
Some tremulous delicate wave;  
Soft ripples of air that musically lave  
This sensitive sea in its labyrinthian sphere.

Something there is, that wafts a perfume  
To the delicate organs of smell;  
Some scented charm or savory spell,  
Sweet nectar the nerves will consume.

Something there is, that imparts to the tongue  
A subtile and pleasurable taste;  
An epicurean charm by appetite grac'd  
To make slaves of the old and the young.

Something there is, that appeals to the touch,  
A strange something that flashes along  
The sensory nerves like the thrill of a song  
And adds to man's pleasure so much.

Something there is, that pleads to the heart  
With a feeling that sends a warm thrill.  
It may be a verse, or the gush of a rill,  
Or the sweetness their memories impart.

Something there is, that speaks to the soul  
With a reverence deep and profound;  
Though no whispering sigh, or tremulous sound  
Ever sweeps from eternity's goal.

Intangible waves that are measured by man,  
And yet they evade all our skill;  
Are they forces of nature, or dreams of our will,  
Or truants to catch if we can?



## RETRIBUTION.

**N**UMB heart, oh! break with grief.  
Oh! tears fall softly now,  
And bring some sad relief  
To my dull, aching brow.  
Ah! could I make sad moan  
For all the hopes that shattered now  
Turn my dead heart to stone.

Ah! daisy-pillowed head,  
Ah! eyes with blue orb'd stare,  
Tell me what the angels said?  
What do you see up there  
Peering into the far-off sky,  
Some heavy cross for me to bear  
Because I let you die?

And hid the frozen tears  
That my proud heart would hold  
Back in the vanished years;  
And now you lie so still and cold  
Upon your enwreathed bier.  
Do you from heaven behold  
Me, sorrowing, weeping, here?

Naught is left me but this clay,  
A song with words unsung,  
A harp that none can play,  
A lute with strings unstrung;  
And this is all that I can claim,  
No voice, no wailing tongue,  
Can call you back again.

Oh! foolish pride recall,  
With angels' sweet command,  
The writing on the palace wall,  
Engraven with an Ate's soulless hand  
Upon the tablets of my entombed soul,  
Alas! 'twas traced upon the sand  
Of time's eternal goal.

## IS THERE A NIGHT?

**I**S there an ebon deep,  
An iron, waveless sea,  
Whose sullen waters sleep  
On the shoreless to be?  
Where Nox, with busy loom,  
Weaves murky darkness o'er  
The stygian gloom;  
Where all the æons gone before  
Make no unseemly haste,  
But creep with stony might  
O'er time's eternal waste  
Into the arms of night.

No moon to wane and fill,  
And all the ashes of dead stars  
Stretch dismal and chill,  
Like murky, shifting bars  
That fringe some beetling coast,  
Some swift receding shore,  
Where Time's unfettered host  
In legions grimly pour,  
And pluck from crumbling lips,  
That hedge this vasty deep,  
With iron finger tips,  
The dead ages that sleep.

No vibrant, echoing sound  
To stir the ebon pall  
Of caverns dark, profound;  
No creeping footfall  
Of plutonian god,  
Through corridor and grot,  
Where time, with drowsy nod,  
Sleeps and sleeps, and stirs not  
The creamy, deep'ning mist,  
Drapery that dankly clings  
To labyrinthine curve and twist,  
Where awful silence flings  
Its iron waves in vain,  
Nor murmuring waters cry  
Out with gurgling pain,  
But freeze, and freeze, and die.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

**W**EAR friendship's jewel high on the golden crown  
Of adverse winds.—Nor let earth's darkest frown  
Bedim the luster that should shine like stars,  
To guide the bark of Fate where dawn unbars  
The brightening day across the stormy deep,  
Where timid hopes like shadows coyly creep.

The beacon light shines only for the gloom  
Of shipwrecked hope. The rocks—the clash—the  
boom  
Of minute guns amid destruction's waves;  
The lifeboat and the rope that saves,  
Are little use where fortune makes each day  
Some cloudless sky that smiles dull care away.

Stretch forth thy hand and be a friend,  
Where friendship serves some noble end;  
Be firm as the rock that anchors in the tide,  
Some half-wrecked bark that time and tide deride,  
Because the selfish world on wealth is bent,  
To mar the good which beams on sweet content.

It is not self that clothes each noble deed,  
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor flippant creed,  
But steadfast courage in misfortune's hour;  
When every wish is some remembered dower,  
That always will be, and yet never is,  
A hopeful something with a doubtful 'tis.

## WINTER'S WINDS.

**W**INDS of Winter, cold and bleak,  
Why does your icy breath  
Sweep o'er the rock-bound creek  
And bring us snowy death?  
Far from the ice-bound vale  
You rush to our Southern clime,  
Like a minstrel's dying wail  
Played on a harp sublime.

O minstrel seer, sing not of pain,  
Chill not the Southland's blooms;  
Send back the dew and rain;  
Not the frosts of your whitened tombs.  
You are angry and shake the flowers  
With your music fierce and wild,  
Give us no wintry hours,  
But strains that are warm and mild.

The waves of your music sad  
Are seen in trembling grass;  
Russet and dead, in cerements clad,  
It shrinks while you southward pass.  
The æolian chords in their chilling pride  
Howl like the storm at sea.  
The billowy waves o'er the prairie wide,  
Are the moans of an elegy.

O, southwind sing a gentler strain  
With the touch of tideless calm;  
From over the Gulf, oh! come again,  
For your warm lips' genial balm  
Is hot with some tropic's breath.  
Kiss back the autumn's ruby glow,  
Or temper the shades of death  
With a song ever sad and low.

## THE DYING MONK.

**H**IS pale, broad brow was clammy with the dews of death,

The somber cowl with seamless stitch and breadth  
Clung lightly to the closely shaven crown;  
Half-buried in the folds of priestly gown,  
A soft white hand lay like some lifeless thing  
Upon the stoutly woven serge, whose corded string  
Was loosely strung, and like the brittle thread of life  
Was notched with knots, where human strife  
Had lashed the tempted soul upon the stormy waves  
Of troubled years, where prayers were graves,  
To bury sinful thought with all its pride of birth  
Down deep within the restful arms of dear old mother  
earth.

His timid zeal was wasted in a hermit's cell,  
Where scourging lash with bleeding torture fell  
Upon the quivering flesh, whose stern decrees  
Were mentors for the bended saintly knees  
And lacerated back, whose scarred mesh  
Was cradled in the human flesh  
Of man's desire, which stole the outpost of his holy  
call;  
And like a truant in some grim monastic wall,



He shunned the danger, and with dull time's delay  
In meditation's sweet retreat, he pressed the cup away  
From his weak lips, yet stood upon the brink  
Of brave resolve, and left the bitter cup for other  
    hearts to drink.

The rosaried cross was firmly, warmly pressed  
Upon the throbbing breast, whose sins confessed,  
Repeated aves on the ivoried beads;  
The pater-nosters, and the church's creeds,  
Were heavenly pauses in the valley drear;  
Some absolution for the haunting fear  
Which made his faith a token sad and meek,  
The trickling tears upon his ashen cheek  
Were pearly prayers, recorded at the jasper gate,  
The seal of brave sincerity—with eager soul elate  
He trod the path that leads to shores unknown,  
A brave fruition—faith's harvest nobly sown.

**ONLY A SHOP GIRL.**

**O**NLY a shop girl to wait in the store,  
Sorting the laces, or walking the floor,  
Tired and patient, humoring some whim,  
Cutting some pattern that modistes will trim  
For the tall and the short, the slim and the stout,  
Selecting some style for a lady in doubt;  
So many notions and fancies to please,  
Can life be a pleasure to toilers like these?

With snubs and rebuffs because she is poor,  
Just living to live, with a place insecure,  
Anxious to please for the price of her bread,  
Shunning temptations by poverty led,  
Living alone in some lonely old flat,  
Sewing some garment, or trimming some hat,  
Striving to keep hunger's wolf from the door;  
Only a shop girl—just this, and no more.

Her face must be pretty like the goods in the case,  
With never a frown on that care-haunted face,  
Her hair must be blond, for style is the go,  
Her smile be a picture, though her heart be a woe;  
For times may be dull, and expense is the thing  
That haunts the small soul of this millionaire king;  
What is the life of a poor waiting girl  
In the maelstrom of trade with its maddening whirl?

With the mind of a sage, and the will of a saint,  
She must humor the rich—without a complaint  
Exchange smiles for the frowns—the customer's rich,  
A son of a soap, or a dealer in pitch.  
How unequal the wealth that life doles to all,  
In the ranks of the weak her place is the stall,  
The treadmill of life that turns the stern mill  
And grinds only grist for the millionaire's till.

Year after year she stands at the rack,  
With a wearisome smile, or a pain in her back,  
Urging the timid to promise, or buy,  
For the sales are the phantoms that threat'ningly lie,  
Like some shadow of woe, to darken her fame  
As she listens for praise, or trembles at blame;  
Success is the price of the place that she holds  
By the grace of this king that mammon upholds.

No wonder they turn to the lurings of shame  
And sink in its vortex the pride of a name;  
The starving will live, though honor should die,  
To rest in the sins that indulgence will buy.  
Poorly paid—overworked—poor, homeless girls,  
Once they were pets, whose bright golden curls  
Made glad the fond hearts where home fondly smiled,  
And innocence played in the heart of a child.

**OUR FLAG IS THERE.**

**W**HERE human rights make man a god,  
Where Freedom tunes her sacred lyre,  
Strength'n'd by His chast'ning rod,  
Baptized by holy fire;  
Proudly it waves o'er land and sea;  
Flag of the brave, soul of the free,  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

Where white-winged Peace with pride unfolds  
Each pure and shining star,  
And bending Heaven with love beholds  
The glory from afar,  
Proclaiming to the list'ning earth  
The wild glad song of Freedom's birth,  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

Where crowned pomp sways serfish will,  
And toiling millions cry for bread,  
Its graceful folds with promise fill,  
Its stripes with valor spread  
Some nameless awe o'er every heart,  
For Freedom is of life a part.  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

Where uncrowned kings with frugal toil  
Reap in the yellow grain,  
And gather from the fertile soil  
The power that will maintain  
The wealth that makes our country great,  
Where Justice holds the helm of state.  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

Where freemen guard each blood-bought right  
Bequeathed from sire to son,  
Strong sceptered might can ne'er benight  
The deeds that patriots won.  
They shine undimmed where crumbling crowns  
Melt in the ire of despot's frowns.  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

O'er towering pines on mountains wild,  
O'er prairie, hill and plain,  
The same sweet song of Freedom's child  
Floats with its bold refrain.  
No North, no South, no East, no West;  
But every fold by love caress'd,  
'Tis there! Our flag is there!

**THE FLOWER SPIDER.**

**N**ESTLED in moss, by the damp old wall,  
A Dione stands from the fall to the fall.  
Its smooth leafless stem with corymb of white  
Waves to and fro from dawn till the night.

Its web is the petals, which lure the blue flies  
That live in the marsh, nor seek for the whys,  
Which tempt the dull facets like moths 'round a lamp,  
They kiss the bright banners bedewed by the damp.

The rosette of death lies like a grim wreath,  
Encircling the base, and hiding beneath,  
To entrap the unwary that drink from the flower  
Some Lethean draught with its somniferous power.

The orbicular mouth at the end of the leaves  
Is the thread of its web, which the plant slyly weaves;  
The sensitive hairs that guard the green sides  
Are the springs of this trap our spider provides.

Woe to the fly that falls from the flower,  
Its winding sheet glazed, a mystical bower  
Where the tentacles turn to a light reddish-brown,  
And the lobes quickly close, from their stem to their  
crown.

Poor foolish flies, sip nectar distilled  
From the substance of insects—from flies that it  
killed;  
Each little gland has its own useful use,  
Secreting some pepsin, prepared from the juice.

Every leaf is a stomach carnivorous alone,  
Rejecting the seeds, glass, sand, or a stone;  
The first supper its last, then it slumbers for weeks,  
Its life-work is done—ah, wonderful freaks!

The struggles of nature with unceasing strife,  
Play their own parts in the mysteries of life.  
This flowery spider, so gorgeous and sweet,  
Scatters fragrance to place drunken death at its feet.

## OUR IDOLS OF CLAY.

WORSHIP, O mortal, your idol of clay,  
Invest it with power divine,  
Crown it with laurels, with splendor display  
All the wealth of Golconda's rich mine.  
The diademed brow, with earthly renown,  
The purple-hued robe, the embroidered gown,  
The cunning wrought fruit of the loom—  
All, all, shall crumble to dust in the tomb.

Worship, O mother, your idol of clay,  
A waif on life's tempest-tossed sea,  
Cooing and smiling your sorrows away,  
As it rests on your matronly knee.  
Fondle your darling, sing a lullaby sweet;  
The angel of death, with invisible feet,  
Has shattered your idol, has withered the bloom  
That crumbled to dust in the peace of the tomb.

Worship, O youth, your idol of clay,  
Hallowed by love's dearest charm,  
With lute string and harp and soft roundelay,  
Sing to her eyes, to her tapering arm.  
Your idol excelsior, ambition your dream,  
The iconoclast waits, the sickle's cold gleam;  
Shattered your idol, sealed is its doom,  
With the seal of the grave, the dust of the tomb.



Worship, O seer, your idol of clay,  
Bow at its toil-woven shrine,  
Where the problems of life, in busy array,  
Peep from each angle and line.  
Wreathe it with knowledge, a servant of sense,  
To-day is your strongest defense;  
To-morrow your idol, all shrouded in gloom,  
Will melt into dust, the dust of the tomb.

## THE VOICES OF AUTUMN.

### FIRST VOICE.

**W**HY is the autumn drear?  
 The wind with a lonely sigh  
 Sings of the dying year.  
 The little brook near by  
 Is filled with withered leaves,  
 The brook where you and I  
 Made boats of the gleaner's sheaves.

### SECOND VOICE.

Why is autumn tinged with red?  
 Her jewels by and by  
 Will crown her buried head.  
 Why do the crimson roses die  
 Or the shades of summer go?  
 Why do her scattered chaplets lie  
 On their biers of white-robed snow?

### THIRD VOICE.

Where is our robin-redbreast?  
 Are the wee ones fully grown;  
 Do they sigh for the empty nest  
 That once was all their own?  
 I never hear them sing,  
 Only the sad, sad moan,  
 Of summer's uncrowned king.

## FOURTH VOICE.

Mournfully his Niobe queen  
Calls for her subjects slain,  
The chant of her choir unseen  
Is the pines' æolian strain;  
The wail of a world in woe,  
The cry of a soul in pain,  
As it bends to the cruel blow.

## FIFTH VOICE.

Why is the earth aflame?  
The breezes lightly stir  
To scatter the blush of shame.  
Why does the red sun blur  
And haze the autumn air,  
To shield the limbs of her  
That once was robed and fair?

## SIXTH VOICE.

Do you see the grim old man  
Gathering on bended knee,  
Bridging life's vernal span?  
Why should he hold the key  
That locks each latent cell,  
When only spring can free  
The blossoms that soon will swell?

## AUTUMN.

Say not that autumn's drear,  
I hide the smile of spring  
In the tomb of the dying year.  
Chide not the autumn king,

I prepare the shrouded bed,  
And the cerements that cling  
To the form of the red-robed dead.

## ALL.

Creeping from sun to sun,  
Gleaning the fields with care,  
Winnowing the heather dun,  
Breathing the hazy air,  
Saving the smallest seed,  
With never a germ to spare,  
Storing them all for the Master's need.

## DOUBT.

○ SHROUDED mystery with saintly eyes,  
Grim-robed specter of the years,  
Is there a home beyond the skies  
Beyond this vale of tears?  
Where do the souls of mortals go  
That wisdom may not doubt,  
How can we ever know?  
Is there some unseen route,  
Processional and dimly vast,  
Down through the mysterious tomb  
Where we lay our old selves down at last  
And rise from its eternal gloom?

What phantom with some astral force  
Marks good and evil deeds,  
And guides the soul upon its course  
With strangely human creeds?  
Remorseless geni of the eternal years,  
Draped in his robes of woe,  
He fills his cup with mortal tears  
And counts them as they flow;  
Thus, we see our best depart  
Into the great unknown,  
And leave a shadow on each human heart,  
Upon each lip, a moan.

Sit enthroned O phantom of dread,  
Sit in the palace of my soul.  
Just one whisper from the eternal dead  
Where ages waveless roll.

Dark spirit of an empire wide,  
Mentor of the dim to be,  
Sit thee by my side  
While life's mysterious tide  
Ebbs with its crimson flow,  
Tell me, do the æons hide  
That which we should not know?  
Where life and death divide,  
Each on its narrow way,  
Psyches of this transient earth  
That moth-like play  
Around the fire of hope's promethean birth.

## YOUR SOUL SHALL KNOW.

**Y**OU shall see the farther shore  
When life's short day is done,  
Where stars shall rise no more,  
And the burnished glory of the sun  
Shall fade as dies the day,  
When all the west is fill'd with dreams  
That flush redly and delay  
The shadows, and the lingering beams  
That longer, darker grow,  
Then, then, your soul shall know.

You shall not moan or weep,  
When your dead heart so still  
Shall silent, dumbly keep  
Its vigils—earth's direst ill  
Will be kind heaven's balm,  
And whisper softly, rest, rest,  
So sweet, so gently calm,  
The folded hands on your tired breast  
Will lie meekly and low,  
Then, then, your soul shall know.

You will not weep nor shed a tear,  
 But dream and dumbly smile  
 At loves you once thought dear,  
 And wonder all the while  
 How these with rapture sweet  
 Once fill'd your heart with pleasure's throb,  
 Now strangers that you coldly meet,  
 These shall not knowing rob  
 Your heart, there'll be a balm for every woe  
 When your tired soul shall know.

You will not measure love's deceit,  
 Nor heed their wounds' deep scar,  
 Secure in your narrow retreat  
 You will have naught to mar  
 The calm, the sweet repose  
 That rests your pillowed head,  
 When curtained night shall close  
 Upon the dreamless dead.  
 You will step outward and go  
 Where your soul shall live and know.

You have perchance caressed  
 Some idol till it grew, and grew;  
 You pressed it to hope's breast  
 With courage strong and true,  
 And yet you lived to see  
 The image lie dumbly by your side,  
 A phantom of the bright to be  
 That, moth-like, lived and died  
 In the lamp's consuming glow,  
 And yet your soul would know.



Your lips will not complain,  
Nor murmur at the cruel fate  
That caused your proud heart pain;  
The little envies and the hate  
That follow greatness shall never  
Sully with their poisoned breath  
The knightly shield that hangs forever  
On the marble walls of death,  
Beyond the reach of friend or foe,  
Then, then, your soul shall know.

Your soul will reach the height  
Beyond the smallness of to-day,  
And, soaring, see the newer light  
Whose splendid ray  
Shall gild the temple's dome  
With brightness eternal, sublime;  
There in the Father's distant home  
Where stars forever shine,  
And rivers ever flow,  
Your soul will rest and know.

### FD BE FREE.

**F**REE as the wind that sings  
 Through forests dark and old,  
 Where millions of trembling strings  
 Make for this shadowy wold  
 Music, so weird and low,  
 That the brownies would listen and keep  
 So still that your soul would never know  
 Of the chords that my fingers sweep.  
 Ah, such æolian strains  
 From this harp so weathered and grim,  
 Its mystical, mournful refrains  
 Make nature's transfiguring hymn.  
 Whose ears would listen to me  
 As I'd play with a master's hand,  
 In this forest so solemn and free,  
 Requiems by zephyrs fanned?  
 They'd carry the cadence along  
 Thro' shaded resounding aisles,  
 Where the chords of my woodland song  
 Would echo for miles and miles.

Free as the freshening gale  
 That sweeps from the mountain's side,  
 Weaving an icy veil  
 For the earth and its russet bride;

Chilling the gurgling flow  
Of every limpid brook,  
Filling with feathery snow  
Each little sheltered nook.  
I'd sweep o'er the spreading plain  
Just to teach the children of men,  
How empty, helpless and vain  
Is the prescience of mortal ken.  
I'd scatter with awful roar  
The heapings of dark-browed toil,  
Garnering the well-heaped floor  
With confusion's dire turmoil.  
Who would fetter my hands?  
As I sped on wintry wing,  
Or break my icy bands?  
For I'd be a borean king  
With none to say me nay.  
With a titan's strength I'd fling  
My crumbling gyves away,  
And sing as the terrors sing.  
My lips would kiss the brine,  
And churn the mighty deep,  
The beads on Neptune's wine  
Would be what the Harpies reap.  
I'd pile the waves so high  
And tumble them loose about,  
You'd tell by the angry sky  
The path of my storm-strewn route.  
I'd be free, so awful free,  
That I'd howl with fell despair,  
Nor crook my kingly knee  
To day so bright and fair.

I'd hide with a leaden shroud  
The face of the lordly sun,  
The woof of this inky cloud  
Would be what Æolus spun.  
I'd blow with all my might  
Over the measureless main,  
Dark as the darkest night  
Would be my ebon reign.  
I'd break old Neptune's sleep  
And tumble him out of bed,  
With my stern, resistless sweep  
I'd spray his uncrowned head.  
Then when my will was done,  
I'd steal to my borean lair,  
And laugh at the rollicking fun  
That filled all the trembling air.

## THE SONG OF THE RILL.

I'M a sprite from the depths of a spring,  
An elf from the mountains high,  
Where the mosses and lichens cling  
To the rocks that are lost in the sky.  
Only a wee, wee babbling brook  
On my way to the wonderful sea,  
A welcome guest to each pebbled nook  
That hides 'neath the root of a tree.

With many a quiver and flirt,  
I steal on my downward way;  
With a twist and a twirl, my fanciful skirt  
Will vanish in diamond-dewed spray.  
I don't even shrink from the time-worn brink,  
As I splash to the pool below,  
I'm a vain little elf, for I only think  
How my beauty will catch a rainbow.

I linger beneath the cascade,  
And gather with daintiest care  
The pearls that wantonly strayed  
From the colors that play in my hair.  
The moon rays are lace for my dress,  
My knight a silver-haired beam  
That kisses each tress, with a tender caress,  
As we sail on the opaline stream.

To some ice maiden's grotto I glide  
While I fill the dry pockets of earth.  
The jewels of Iris I hide  
And subdue all my innocent mirth.  
Her smile is so frigidly cold,  
Her fetters a crystal-linked chain  
To gather into her fold  
The sprites that are children of rain.

I want to be useful to man  
As I flow to the swift-rolling main,  
I'll slyly slip out if I can  
And never be shackled again.  
Sparkling and cool I will sleep  
Where a wall climbs over the road,  
Where star-eyed daisies peep  
From the nest of the noisy toad.

I'll wait for the men that plowed,  
Or reaped thro' the summer day;  
For the lowing kine that crowd  
The spring on their homeward way;  
For the ox with his patient yoke  
As he gees to the leathern goad,  
Into the pool beneath the oak,  
Then plods on his dusty road.

I gather my pale-seamed gown  
As I skip from boulder to rock,  
Over the fields and thro' the town  
I glide with never a shock,

Then into some woodland pool  
Where Puck on his elfish seat  
Giggles and grins, from his low toadstool  
Where the brownies and goblins meet.

Such wonderful leaps that I make  
Over the lofty heights,  
Filling the dam for the old mill's sake  
And setting the wheel to rights.  
I rush through the seething race  
And laugh at the miller's son,  
As he slips the old belt, in its time-worn place,  
And prepares for the season's run.

The moss-grown pump is my slave  
As it stands in the village street,  
With a fevered thirst all crave  
A draught from my gourd so sweet.  
Tho' the iron cup with its rusted chain  
Is filled to the level brim,  
They'll use the gourd again and again,  
And smile at my elfish whim.

I hear the roar, from the sandy shore,  
I'm lost in the heaving sea.  
To dizzy heights in mist I soar,  
And drift to the landward lee.  
An elf of the sun and air,  
I scud where the winds and rain  
Bring me back to my mountain lair.

## YE CANNOT TELL.

**D**UMB flowers, ye cannot speak,  
Your lush lips do not tell  
Why autumn's robes so bleak  
Like shrouded ghosts dispel  
The sweets of springtime's bloom;  
Nor whispering winds with lonely sigh  
Make earth a silent tomb,  
Where all that lives lives but to die.

Your fragrance is a fleeting breath  
That scents each crimson year  
With summer's velvet stealth,  
Kissed by the shades so drear;  
That sleep in robes of white,  
They make some nuptial bed  
In earth's ephemeral night,  
And then we call them dead.

You are not dead because you lie  
Scattered at the russet feet  
Of brown-robed time, whose sigh  
Is winter's winding sheet,  
To close the pale-hinged door  
On Life's up-welling springs,  
That Death may die no more,  
And Hope may plume her fledgling wings.



## DAWN.

**P**INK-HUED day knocks at the door of night  
With quivering beams aglow;  
Aurora's rosy breath with swallow's flight  
Steals from the depths below.

Each dull gray cloud is touched with fleecy gold,  
And floats with banner'd pride  
Above the shining car whose swift wheels roll'd  
From æons vast and wide.

The glowing breath of each wild steed  
Pales all the stars—that one by one  
Flee to the arms of night, and with pale speed  
Melt like the dew before the ardent sun.

A deeper blush spreads broadly o'er the sky  
And mounts to zenith zone;  
Her courser's feet with swiftness fly  
Where night has westward flown.

The earth is glad as Dawn throws back  
The curtain of the east,  
While trembling light with fleecy wrack  
Brings joy to man and beast.

The chanticleer with shrilly sounds  
Shakes sleep from drowsy lids,  
And all the air with song resounds  
While Nature smiles and bids

One-half the world a happy jocund morn;  
Where feathered songsters fluttering trill  
Their sweetest song from bush and brambled thorn,  
From leafy shade on every sun-crowned hill.

Dawn westward creeps to make her rosy light  
A jewel'd king to mount his burnished throne,  
And thus through ages—dull-eyed night  
Is chased from heaven's zone.

## NO WHERE.

**N**O where to lay his sacred head,  
Beset by scoffing foes,  
His saintly brow with torture bled,  
His cheeks received the blows.  
No where to ease his sorrowing woes—  
No where, no where.

No where, like mocking echoes stole  
From out His heavenly breast.  
The birds had nests, the fox a hole,  
But Christ, no where to rest.  
No where to go, no where to rest—  
No where, no where.

When Galilean stars renewed  
The gems on Night's dark throne,  
His earthly couch by tears bedew'd,  
Was only soulless stone.  
No where—no place to call his own—  
No where, no where.

No where to hide the pitying tears,  
That flowed for Israel's pride.  
Rejected, scorned thro' all the years,  
His claim by priests denied.  
No where, no place for Christ who died—  
No where, no where.

No where, and shall this heart  
Re-echo the sad cry?  
Let every hateful sin depart,  
And in his promise die.  
No where, but in his arms to lie—  
No where, no where.

## THE SEXTON'S SOLILOQUY.

WITH thin, worn blade of shining steel,  
I turn the loamy mold;  
No Niobe's woe, no mundane weal,  
No sordid wealth nor gold  
Can stay my wrinkled hand,  
Nor add one glittering grain of sand  
To life's most brittle thread,  
For I am king and monarch of the dead.

Why come they thus? My broad domain  
Is canopied by turf,  
Where saints and angels all proclaim  
To each poor, knouted serf  
A rest on time's eternal bed,  
Soul for the soul, dead for the dead.  
Woe's direful robes are changed for snowy gowns,  
Heaven more sweetly smiles when earth more fiercely  
frowns.

The glass of time, with measured stroke,  
Falls on each heedless ear;  
The drooping yew, the stately oak,  
Grow ranker every year;  
Man melts in dust, this house of chiseled clay  
Teems with the germs that soar above decay.  
Earth's sepulcher is yet the womb of fleeting time,  
A Jacob's ladder for the trusting soul to climb.

Decrepit Time no longer keeps  
His hoary vigils o'er the hallowed sod;  
The narrow house, the moldering heaps  
Belong alone to God.

Time's sceptered sway ends with life's lease,  
His soulless power then shall cease;  
Death's debts are paid, and Heaven's dues,  
In tender mercy, Christ renews.

My realm an emblem drear, a monitor to man,  
To measure all the transient feet of years,  
Which hurry by upon the winged van  
Of hosts that crowd this vale of tears.  
Moths that circle pleasure's gilded ray,  
A careless throng, whose fleeting sway  
Is all of life, and for this life they sigh,  
Where all prepare to live, and few prepare to die.

## THE DEAD LEONORE.

WHENCE didst thou come, O wave?

Art thou love's slave  
From some far-off shore?  
What hast thou to tell  
With thy ebb and swell  
Of the lost Leonore?

Whisper to my longing soul,  
O waves that restless roll,  
What message dost thou bear  
From the coral deep,  
As you crashing leap  
High in the air?

Why are thy white lips dumb  
At thus they come  
Purling to my feet?  
Didst thou bear her form away  
In thy waters cold and gray  
To death's retreat?

O murmuring billow,  
Didst thou loving pillow  
Her saintly head?  
Didst thou soothe eternal sleep  
And leave me here to weep  
With memory's dead?

Hast thou marked her from her birth,  
This angel child of earth,  
For thine own?  
Was it thy ruthless power  
That plucked the budding flower  
Ere the rose had blown?

Why are thou dumb, O sea?  
Are thy lips of infinity  
To hold the secret evermore?  
Art thou the sea king's bride,  
Lives thy spirit in the tide,  
O my lost Leonore?

If it be, O saintly child,  
That the night, the storm, the waters wild,  
Took thee hence from me,  
Come, in the moon's pale beam,  
Come, in the wave's cold gleam,  
Bride of the silent sea.



## THE TIDE WAS LOW.

THE tide was low, the winds from the west  
Were fair as fair could be,  
Jamie laughed at the breakers' crest  
That rolled in from the sea.  
The rugged trend of the frowning reef  
Enclosed the harbor bar  
Where his own Janet, with a sigh of relief,  
Watched for the Guiding Star.

Little he cared for the headland rough,  
Or the white-foam sheltered lochs,  
For the threat'ning cape, as brown as snuff,  
Or the surf that pounded the rocks;  
That pounded the rocks from year to year,  
Then vanished in rainbow spray;  
He thought of the homelike cheer  
In his cot that aered the bay.

His chubby bairns with a welcome cry  
Climbed down from the sheltered nest,  
With a kiss for each, and a moistened eye,  
He pressed them to his salt-sprayed breast,  
Then seated them on the prow of his boat  
Till he spread his net in the sun to dry,  
While the good wife aired his oilskin coat,  
And smiled on the cloudless sky.

Together they stood and gazed on the town,  
With its homes so quaint and red,  
At the little church, with its ivy crown,  
Where the sleeping sunset shed  
A mellow light on the crumbling tower  
By the weathered old sea wall,  
Where the surf in a misty shower  
Hid the cliff with its plunge and fall.

He pitied the thousands of toiling slaves  
That lived in the town just over the bay,  
Who looked with awe on the white-cap waves  
That lashed the reef, so cold and gray;  
He gazed at the sea with a sailor's pride,  
The bonnie sea, that brought to his reef  
Only the flood of fortune's tide,  
With never an ebb of grief.

His dusk-browed roof, and burnished hearth,  
Were all that a seaman's heart could ask;  
His lads were comely, their boist'rous mirth  
Brightened his daily task.  
The little mouths had all to be fed,  
The homespun stout and strong,  
How dear to him was the trundle-bed  
And the mother's crooning song.

He sailed with the dawn, the schools of fish  
That came to his well-trained net  
Were all that a fisher's heart could wish;  
'Though his clothes by the waves were wet,

He whistled and sang, as he made a haul,  
And he tugged at the lines with a "Heave, ho! ho!"  
Then dumped his catch into the painted yawl,  
While he let the sail on the mainmast go.

Day after day, and year after year,  
He steered for the boundless sea,  
And crossed the harbor with a ringing cheer,  
With its lights on his starboard lee.  
He thought, as he made a lucky haul,  
Of the moon with its silver ring,  
Of the waves that capped the rocky wall,  
Of the drenching spray with its sullen fling.

The scurrying clouds were dark in the sky,  
The muttering storm with its threat'ning lower,  
The sea gulls screamed with a startling cry,  
And the rain came down in a blinding shower.  
The heaving waves with a phosphor glow,  
The wind with a dismal sweep,  
A fiendish laugh and a savage blow  
Roused Neptune from his tideless sleep.

Bonny Janet, with a hero's soul,  
Clung to the trembling cliff  
That shook with the thunder's deaf'ning roll,  
And the breeze sank down to a fitful whiff  
As it flared the torch in her steady hand  
Till the embers glowed with a fiery red,  
Piercing the gloom of the sea and land,  
And crowned with a halo her fearless head.

Ill a day, when the flambeau red,  
    Lighted the seething bay.  
Ill a day, when its light was dead,  
    And her hope died out in its glimmering ray.  
Ah, widowed wife, from the cottage door  
    Your torch's spectral glow  
Will light the realms of the Stygian shore  
    So long as the tides shall flow.

He luffed "The Star" by the Beacon light  
    And steer'd for the headland bold,  
Like a sea-bird, in its watery flight,  
    She plunged through the storm and cold.  
How the furies of the sea and sky  
    Broke over the sunken reef,  
And laughed at the seaman's helpless cry,  
    At the widow's somber grief.

Where was her Jamie's sail? Lost on the midnight  
    sea,  
With only the widow's wail,  
    And the winds, for an elegy,  
While the rain, with a chilling beat,  
    The surf, with its ominous boom,  
The pitiless hail, the icy sleet,  
    Rang the knell of the seaman's doom.

Stretch forth thy hand, O God!  
    Calm this tumultuous sea.  
Let not thy chastening rod  
    Fall thus, O God! on me.

It's all so dark, and cruel night  
Enshrouds the "Guiding Star."  
Fiercely the storm-king's might  
Sweeps over the bar.

Thou, God! of fervent prayer,  
Guide Jamie's shattered sail  
Where winds are calm and fair;  
Temper the midnight gale.  
And though his ship be tossed  
Upon the furious deep,  
Let not his life be lost.  
Oh! Leave me not to weep.

Answer my heartfelt cry!  
God of the storm and calm;  
Prone upon these rocks I lie  
Praying for thy heavenly balm.  
O God! God! Spare this blow,  
Else tottering reason's throne  
Will reel with ebbing flow,  
And die in a sobbing moan.

The tide was low; for many a year  
She watched by the soulless sea,  
Where buried hope, entombed with a tear,  
Marked the bounds of the ever-to-be.  
Never a tideless crest  
That curled at her restless feet,  
But harrowed her widowed breast  
With mocking monotonous beat.

Always she thought of the ebb and flow  
Of life's unmeasured tide,  
She bared her head to the chast'ning blow,  
And grieved at her youthful pride,  
When the years were young, and springtime's air  
Was sweet with the flowers of May,  
Yet the frenzied cry of her anguished prayer  
Was lost on that fatal day,  
When the tide was low.

## O, CHILD OF FATE.

O, CHILD of sorrow,  
Can ministering fate  
Promise a to-morrow?  
Grim, insensate  
Destroyer of life,  
Shadow of gloom,  
Harbinger of strife,  
Builder of the tomb.

O, child of an hour,  
Life is ebbing fast,  
What hand has power  
To recall the past,  
And the years that speed  
To the shores of time,  
Pass outward, and we heed  
Only their solemn chime.

O, child of dreams,  
The white-winged hours  
Are hidden streams  
That flow into ours.  
Noiseless and swift,  
With incessant flow  
Helpless we drift,  
But where? We do not know.

O, child of hope,  
Of doubt and fear,  
Life's horoscope  
Is a crystal tear,  
That slowly wells  
From hope's hidden spring,  
Where sorrow dwells,  
A crowned king.

O, child of the parcean loom,  
What hand can stay  
The antedated doom,  
That clips each day  
From the silent reel,  
Where the years entwined  
With woe, or weal,  
Swiftly unwind?



## TIME'S SEA.

**M**Y bark is a star with golden prow,  
And sails of silvery hue,  
Gliding on to visions new  
Into the sea of now.

This sea is all my own—  
No vessels plow its waves;  
Eternal silence laves  
Its shores so dark and lone.

No ships pass me by,  
No strange white sail,  
No mariner to hail  
Or waft a sad good-by.

Down in its waters cold,  
See the phantoms sup  
From Death's ebon cup  
With its dank and slimy mold.

Pale seaman whose unsteady deck  
Is full long and wide,  
Filled with dreams of pride  
That morrows swiftly wreck.

But then, my soul is free,  
Why should I grieve?  
The naiads fling and weave  
Spray chaplets for me.

All the sea is aflame  
With phosphorescent glow;  
Onward in thought I go,  
Heedless of praise or blame.

Waves crown the deep,  
Pale, jeweled and white,  
Their quivering, dancing light  
Lulls me to sleep.

I sail in the eye of the moon,  
And leave a silvery wake.  
The mermaids drowsily awake  
And chant a merman rune.

Into the heart of night,  
Where lone birds whir,  
Their dark wings stir  
Time in his silent flight.

This wonderful sea of now,  
That belongs alone to me,  
Boundless and free,  
Through its waves I plow.

The first on this silent sea,  
Where the waves are gold,  
And the crew in my hold  
Hails from Arcadie.

**THE GOLDEN AGE.**

**N**O sails veered before the wind,  
No hunter slew the fleeing hind,  
No trees were felled for warlike ships,  
No arrows chipped from flinty stone,  
No widowed hearts to weep and moan  
Nor tell of war with whitened lips.

No conquests, for the shipless sea  
From flags and galley-fleets was free,  
No tortured serfs, no conquered slaves  
To trim the sail or ply the oars,  
No armèd legions to invade the shores  
Washed only by the waves.

No man at arms with spear and ax,  
No toiling lives, no grinding tax,  
Ambition knew no crownèd king,  
With minions fierce and bold;  
No captured lands to seize, to hold,  
No monarch's signet ring.

No landed metes and bounds,  
No wooded parks, no baying hounds,  
No gilded grand armorial halls,  
No wassails, knights, or wine;  
No warlike shields with glinty shine  
Gleamed from baronial walls.

No tempted hearts to worship gold,  
No titled honor to be bought or sold,  
No heartless greed for pomp and gain;  
But simple lives and gentle loves,  
Bleating lambs and cooing doves,  
And hearts not racked with pain.

The mad pulse of the world was still,  
Only the flow of the peaceful rill,  
Only the forests silent and old,  
Solemn aisles by man untrod,  
Home of earth's primal god,  
Who was no slave to gold.

Only the flocks and folds of Pan,  
Only the Golden Age of man.  
Only the goatherds' Pandean chime  
Played with such skill, 'tis said,  
It charmed the browsing herds that fed  
On the slopes of the olden time.

## TIME NEVER SLEEPS.

**T**IME never sleeps; his hoary eyes  
Are vigils. All the tainted rust  
Of ages fled, the crumbling skies,  
The arch of heaven, and the dust  
Of nations' crowns and kings  
Are fitting echoes of his silent wings.

His cradle rocker reaps the years;  
Naught stays his onward flight,  
And all the teeming, circling spheres  
Are trophies of his soulless might,  
Unhistori'd shadows of creation's womb,  
That sleep in Time's unlettered tomb.

Majestic, hoary and grand,  
He wears the ages as a pall  
Around the sea and crumbling land,  
His unwearied footsteps fall  
Echoless, and leave a ghastly trace  
Along the battlements of unmeasured space.

No monument, no sculptored vase  
Holds all the ashes of a world.  
No tablets, epitaphs nor place,  
No niche, from which he hurl'd  
The toppling present, and the past,  
Is Time's remorseless iconoclast.

His iron heart mocks Pity's tears,  
His hosts a spectral throng  
That haunt the ages, and the years  
Creep onward and along,  
The aisles of countless æons dead,  
Where nations on forgotten nations tread.

## YOU AND I

**F**ATE threw you and me together,  
Thro' fair and stormy weather.  
We drift onward thro' the years;  
We share each other's troubles;  
Oft the wellspring overbubbles  
With our tears.

I have seen you smile so sadly  
When misfortune served us badly  
With her frown;  
Your heart was brave and true,  
The troubles that we knew  
Never lasted till the sun was down.

The sums of life were wrong,  
Ofttimes the lane was long,  
Without a single turn;  
Like children in their school,  
We worked the sums by rule,  
Our lessons were so awful hard to learn.

Self-will'd anger's fatal darts  
Never pierced our trusting hearts  
With its shafts of pain.  
No, you will, you shan't, you should;  
We did the best we could,  
As we jogged along misfortune's rugged lane.

No halting steps to falter,  
No wounding words to alter—  
Our journey down the road;  
We never looked back  
Along the beaten track,  
Nor weighed each self-appointed load.

No stranger ever knew  
The troubles we went through;  
Our lips with love were sealed;  
No one shared our sorrow  
That vanished with the morrow,  
Because the wounds were quickly healed.

You trusted me, I trusted you,  
If aught was wrong we never knew  
Which rose concealed a thorn;  
Faith was heaven's dower  
With its sweet and subtile power,  
Making life an ever-smiling morn.

The time draws surely nigh  
When you and I must die  
And be laid away to rest.  
We have no sad reproaches  
As silent time encroaches,  
For we did our level best.



### THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

**A**H, these wonderful sons of men,  
 With thoughts that forever keep  
 Delving in mines of human ken,  
 While they climb the hill so steep—  
 Alluring hill, with its temple fair,  
 Gilded with gold and fame,  
 With statues of bronze and trumpets' blare,  
 And the pride of a noble name.

Here Poesy wrote on tablets gray,  
 In letters of living fire,  
 Thoughts whose rhythmic play  
 Flowed from Mnemosyne's lyre;  
 Burning words, that molded deeds,  
 Made heroes of meanest slaves,  
 Builded empires and creeds,  
 And wept o'er their ruined graves.

Here the sculptor's soul bequeaths  
 To art and the muses' shrine  
 The form divine that breathes  
 In every curve and line—  
 Marble dreams of the master's will,  
 From Carrara's immortal mine,  
 Triumphs of human skill,  
 Carved by a hand divine.

Here are niches and coats of arms,  
Banners of velvet and gold,  
Helmets of steel, whose hist'ric charms  
Are the deeds of warriors bold.  
Knightly crests, with nodding plumes,  
Baldrics and falchions sharp,  
Rust on these marble tombs  
With the minstrel's silent harp.

Ah, painter on canvas, you weave  
For posterity's crowning year;  
Shades that you deftly leave  
For time to darken and bear.  
With palette and brush you paint  
From Nature's munificent store,  
A landscape, a Venus or saint,  
Or a vista from history's lore.

Ah, the kingly dreams that here  
Gleam in banner and bust,  
The solemn aisles, the drapery bier,  
And the ages that silently rust,  
Guarded by Fame's luring wand,  
While Oblivion stands restlessly by,  
Counting each grain of sand  
With a miser's exacting eye.

## DAY BY DAY.

**W**E build a house of paper,  
Day by day,  
And Time, the grim old shaper,  
Pulls it down.  
We see the fabric tumble.  
Be it grand, or be it humble,  
This dreamy temple fair  
That our thoughts so oft prepare  
Goes to pieces day by day.

The picture cards we choose  
Day by day,  
Are the fancies we diffuse  
Through our lives.  
The structures that we build  
With dreams are oft-times filled,  
And our fancies go astray,  
Yet like children at their play  
We rebuild them day by day.

Hope's angel pulls the string  
Day by day,  
We hear the flutter of his wing  
In the air.

Like automatons we borrow  
From the pinion of the morrow,  
Feathers from the wing of time,  
And with a faith sublime  
We soar day by day.

We mount on wings of wax  
Day by day,  
Till our efforts oft relax  
And we fall  
Through the starry space;  
With a smile upon our face,  
We replume each melted wing.  
Again Hope pulls the string  
And we rise day by day.

Old Time so soon destroys  
Day by day  
Our most engaging toys  
Which we prize.  
The houses we rebuild  
From the wine of hope distilled,  
From the purple grapes that peep  
On the hillside where they sleep  
And ripen day by day.

## SURREXIT.

**R**ING out, O Easter chimes,  
Recall the olden times,  
When resurrection's morn  
Proclaimed to millions then unborn  
That "He is risen."

O teeming earth,  
Sing of his birth,  
Chant glorias to our King;  
Let all the welkin ring,  
For Christ has conquered death.

Place, O imperial Rome,  
Thy seals upon the chisled dome  
That holds the casket of a God,  
A Son, who meekly kissed the rod,  
And died for man.

O bold centurion guard,  
Where was thy ceaseless ward  
When angels rolled the stone away,  
And God's eternal day  
Burst from the tomb?

Tremble, ye scoffing ones,  
For angels, like unnumbered suns,  
Stood by the Master's lowly bier  
And calmed the Magdalene's fear  
With words of cheer, "He is not here."

O rock-ribbed womb,  
Where is thy gloom?  
Since Christ our Lord is risen,  
And from the low-browed prison  
Redeemed the sons of earth.

O ages, chant his praise;  
Sing, O day of days,  
And with celestial choir  
Mount with thy strains to anthems higher  
And carol Easter lays.

## THE ANGEL OF HUMAN BIRTH.

**I**NTO the sunshine of earth,  
From the silence of heaven's night,  
The angel of human birth  
Winged his uncertain flight;  
He stole past the amethyst gate  
All studded with golden stars,  
Into this kingdom of fate,  
With its tides and shifting bars.

This beautiful spirit, untouched by care,  
Was the mirror of honor true,  
With wavelets and ripples of golden hair,  
And eyes of the deepest blue.  
His wish was a soul, a godlike prize,  
Molded in earthly clay,  
He smiled as he fluttered from starry skies  
Down to the realms of day.

His snowy wings with restless sweep  
Flutter'd hither and thither, here and there,  
Over the land, and over the deep,  
Where nights were dark and days were fair;  
Flowers, and birds, and bees,  
The sea with its restless play,  
The gurgling brooks, the rocks and trees,  
In the month of virgin May.

He sailed on pleasure's sea,  
    Rocked in Aphrodite's shell,  
Where wine and love were free;  
    His heart was under the spell  
Of Calypso's enchanted smile;  
    She anchored his bark with a kiss  
To the shores of her siren isle,  
    Where life was a dream of bliss.

Sorrow sat by in tears,  
    Turn which way he would,  
The ashes of fleeting years  
    Were white on her somber hood.  
Wearily her garments trailed  
    In humanity's powder'd dust,  
Her eyes were darkly veiled  
    With ages of tainted rust.

He drifted from youth to age  
    A purposeless, shivering thing,  
Beating the bars of his earthly cage  
    With an angel's broken wing.  
He thought that will was free,  
    Untrammelled by time and care;  
That the edicts of Fate's decree  
    Were only the fowler's snare.

He opened wide his gentle eyes  
    As he sat in his pearly boat,  
And drifted into the bay of whys  
    With its castle dark, its guard'd moat;



Where phantoms of vanish'd clay  
Sat in the shade of tombs,  
While the reaper, Grim Decay,  
Dusted its ghostly rooms.

He played with the waves, whose roll  
Rocked his immortal bark,  
That drifted on to a distant goal,  
Whose shores were grim and dark.  
Wish as he would the ghoulish helm  
Was steered by a phantom hand,  
He reach'd the coast of another realm  
And stood on the gloomy strand.

What is this mortal soul God made,  
That binds me with a chain?  
The years grow old, and tissues fade;  
Age is ever a round of pain.  
Does the chrysalis hide the angel wings  
Folded for distant flight;  
Is Time a servitor that brings  
Into this world so bright

A little sunshine, a little shade,  
A laugh, a song, some tears,  
An erring will that strayed  
Into this vale, where years  
Are milestones, cold and white,  
Along life's rugged way;  
Then darkness, gloom and night,  
And graves, with tombstones gray?

He folded his wings and kneel'd  
At the altar of silent death;  
His sight, and his senses, reel'd,  
As he gasped for air and breath.  
He joined the shadowy throng,  
And entered the brazen door,  
While angels chanted a requiem song,  
The song of the evermore.

With curly head on the Father's breast,  
He slept like a tired child,  
His stainless hands by faith caress'd  
Were white, were undefiled.  
The spirit fervent prayer  
Stood watching and waiting near;  
She smooth'd the angel's golden hair,  
And wiped from his eyes a tear.

## I AM A TOWERING HEIGHT.

I AM a dark old mountain bold,  
 A turret in the distant sky;  
 My wrinkled crown is gray and old,  
 And white as the snows that lie,  
 Like a bride's transparent veil,  
 Far down on my frigid zone,  
 Where pine trees sway and wail,  
 And echo the storm-king's moan.

I am calm as eternity,  
 Secure in my rocky wall,  
 I heed not the enmity  
 Of the elements that brawl,  
 Nor the clouds that rumbling roll,  
 Nor the vapors that spread,  
 Like a dark-browed scroll,  
 O'er the streams that wind, like a silver thread.

The murmur of distant streams  
 Is the gurgling of waters clear,  
 They are only shimmering dreams  
 To my lofty, ice-bound ear,  
 And yet I know full well  
 They are torrents, whose deafening roar  
 Are diapasons that swell,  
 And over the valley pour.

I am so distant, cold and still,  
Unruffled by time and space,  
Not a germ of cankering ill  
Can furrow my sphinx face.  
My lips are sealed and grim,  
I was old when the hills were born,  
I am the graven image of him  
Who ruled the primordial morn.

I divide, with my fastness bold,  
Night from the sunlit day;  
My lofty eyes behold  
The shadows that elfish play  
O'er the day-god's crimson crown,  
That sparkles with gold and red,  
Till the giant sun goes down  
To his tawny leaden bed.

What care I for puny man,  
With his sordid, worldly care,  
Or his energies that plan  
Only castles in the air?  
A breath on the star of time,  
A pygmy to creep and crawl,  
For I am a king sublime,  
And tower above them all.

## ELECTRICITY.

**I** AM the king of all energy;  
 Through me all things subsist;  
 I am law's grim supremacy,  
 Therefore I exist.  
 I am the pulse of all matter  
 With magnetic force I bind,  
 With heat I ruthlessly scatter  
 That which I find.  
 Affinities are my latent coins  
 That permeate everywhere,  
 With these I girdle my loins  
 And rocks become fruitful and bear.

Life's fountain wells  
 From organic procreation—  
 Through protoplasmic cells  
 I cradle creation.  
 I am life's promethean spark,  
 God's potential's dower,  
 From recesses dark  
 Springs my eternal power.  
 I am a dual existent,  
 Matter a ceaseless sea;  
 Negative and positive persistent  
 Waves flow unfettered from me.

Man is a serf to my will;  
 I store in his spinal bone  
 All energy that I distill  
 From sleep's somnolent zone,  
 And evolve from digestive heat  
 Electrical force to repair.  
 Thus I restfully complete  
 With diligent, conservative care  
 The details of this life in man;  
 I replace the worn-out tissues,  
 That man may create and plan  
 Newer and nobler issues.

The senses are my slaves,  
 All energy acts through me;  
 I bombard with millions of waves  
 Cell pigments that seem to be  
 Transmitters of measurable length,  
 Forces that mechanically flow  
 From reason's subservient strength;  
 Thus we divinely know,  
 Through the impressionable optic nerve,  
 That perception transfixed on the brain  
 Is a scroll that the senses preserve  
 To bind thought with Mnemosyne's chain.

Chemistry is only a name,  
 Ponderable equivalents that seem  
 My agents to proclaim  
 That life is a hidden stream,  
 Where unlikes measurably attract,  
 Likes persistently repel—

Reagents that act and react.  
Yet who can truthfully tell  
How I uprear immensity  
Through manifold change,  
Offspring of radiant intensity,  
That my forces arrange.

I am the Proteus of time,  
Changing matter in space,  
A mystical power sublime—  
Who has seen my chameleon face?  
Yet wisdom calls me life,  
I am Ariel that dwells  
Where co-existent strife  
Changes molecular cells.  
I created matter when first  
Light dawned from Chaos dark,  
And noonday splendor burst  
From my transmitted spark.

I am the genii of power;  
I pulse, and planets quake,  
And dark stars cower;  
Tremblingly they forsake  
Their orbital zones,  
Filling the intercostal space  
Of ribs, and interstellate bones,  
With scars that I displace,  
Forging from matter, through death,  
Forms grotesque and rare,  
Creatures of my ephemeral breath,  
Slaves of the sun and air.

## TWILIGHT.

I'M a vidette of night,  
I'm a shadow gray;  
I watch the flight  
Of fleeting day  
From my castle keep,  
With its bolts and bars,  
I arouse from sleep  
The drowsy stars,  
From beds of blue.

From arch and hall,  
Through my open door  
My seneschals call,  
My legions pour,  
Their rustling wings  
Pass over the sky,  
And creeping things  
Come forth to fly  
On their droning wings.

My phantoms of air,  
With specters grim,  
From their ghoulish lair,  
In the midnight dim,



Creep out when day  
Dies in the west,  
And night lays away  
In her palace of rest  
The shadows of care.

My somber hosts,  
With mantles dark,  
Are shrouded ghosts  
That march and mark  
Time for drowsy night  
To darkly glean  
From Apollo's flight  
The silvery sheen  
Of the moon's pale light.

My dark eyes weep  
The tears that flow  
Like jewels sleep  
In the moon's soft glow.  
Such a wondrous display  
In my castle of night,  
With its star doorway  
And its walls whose height  
Is infinite.

My face is hidden  
With a monkish cowl,  
My steed is ridden  
By witch and owl;

A ghostly sigh  
From graveyards still  
Broods over the sky,  
And the whippoorwill  
Plaints a lullaby.

From the day god's sway  
I silence reap;  
The ashes of day  
I darkly keep  
In my ebon urn.  
With its spangled pall,  
And my tapers burn  
On the jeweled wall  
Of night.

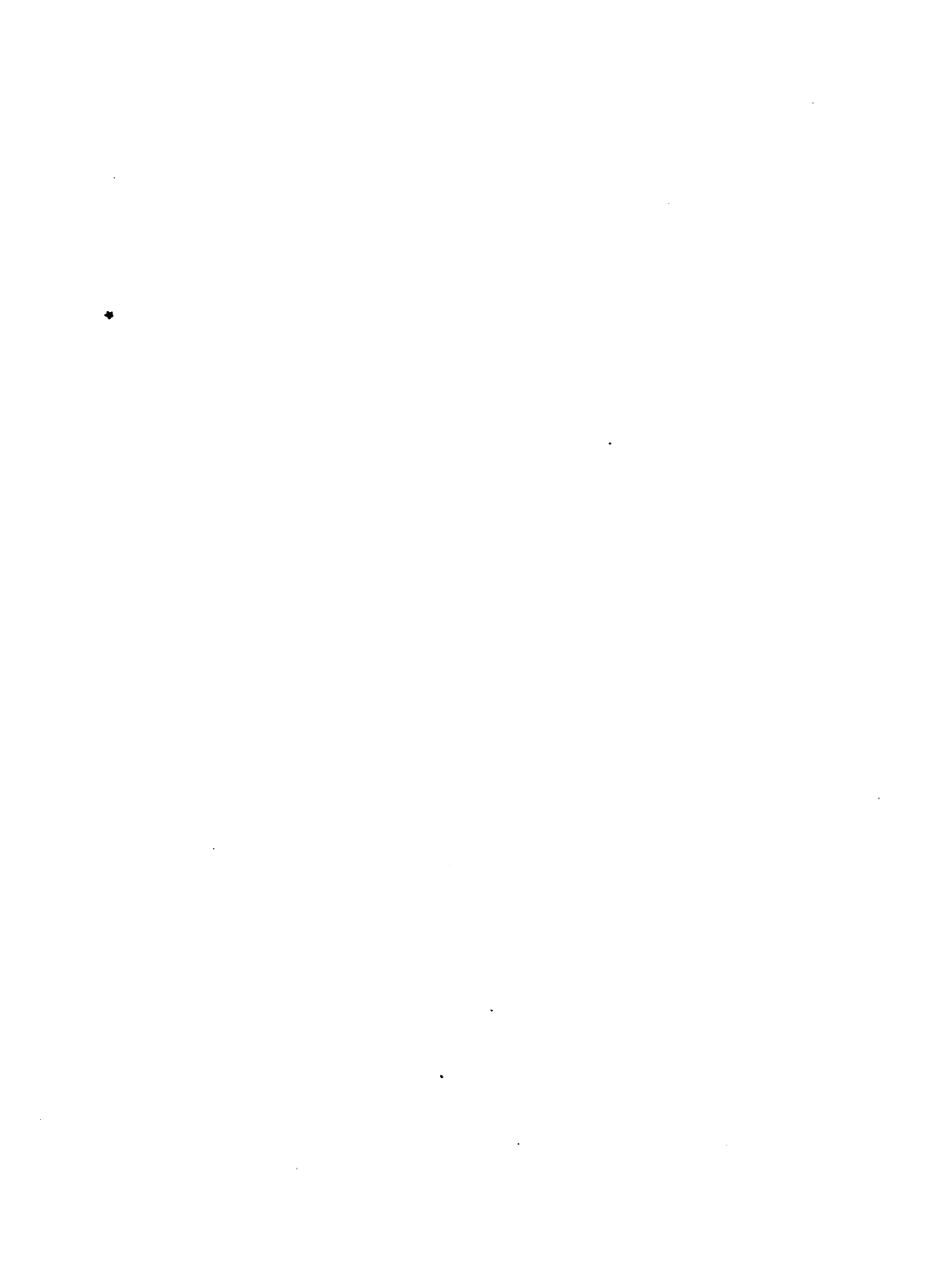
My winged sandals,  
With silence shod,  
Are goblin vandals  
Of night's god;  
They leave no tracks,  
But slyly trace  
On the zodiac's  
Transfigured face  
The trail of Time.

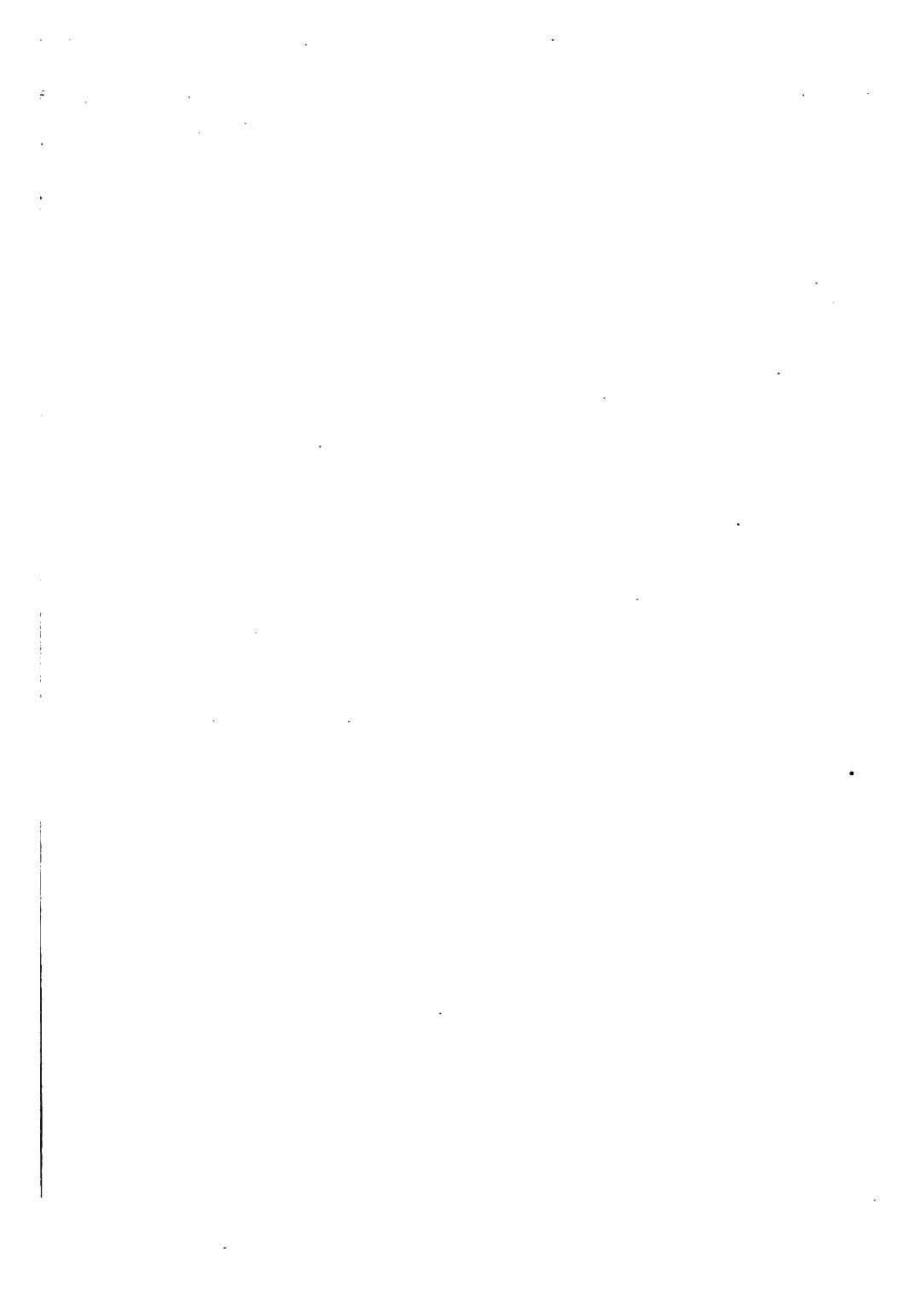
## A HOUSE FOR SALE.

**A** HOUSE for sale; come, sir, bid.  
I can't tell you all  
That the occupant did.  
There are marks on the wall  
That scratch and deface,  
And injure the price  
Of this tumble-down place.

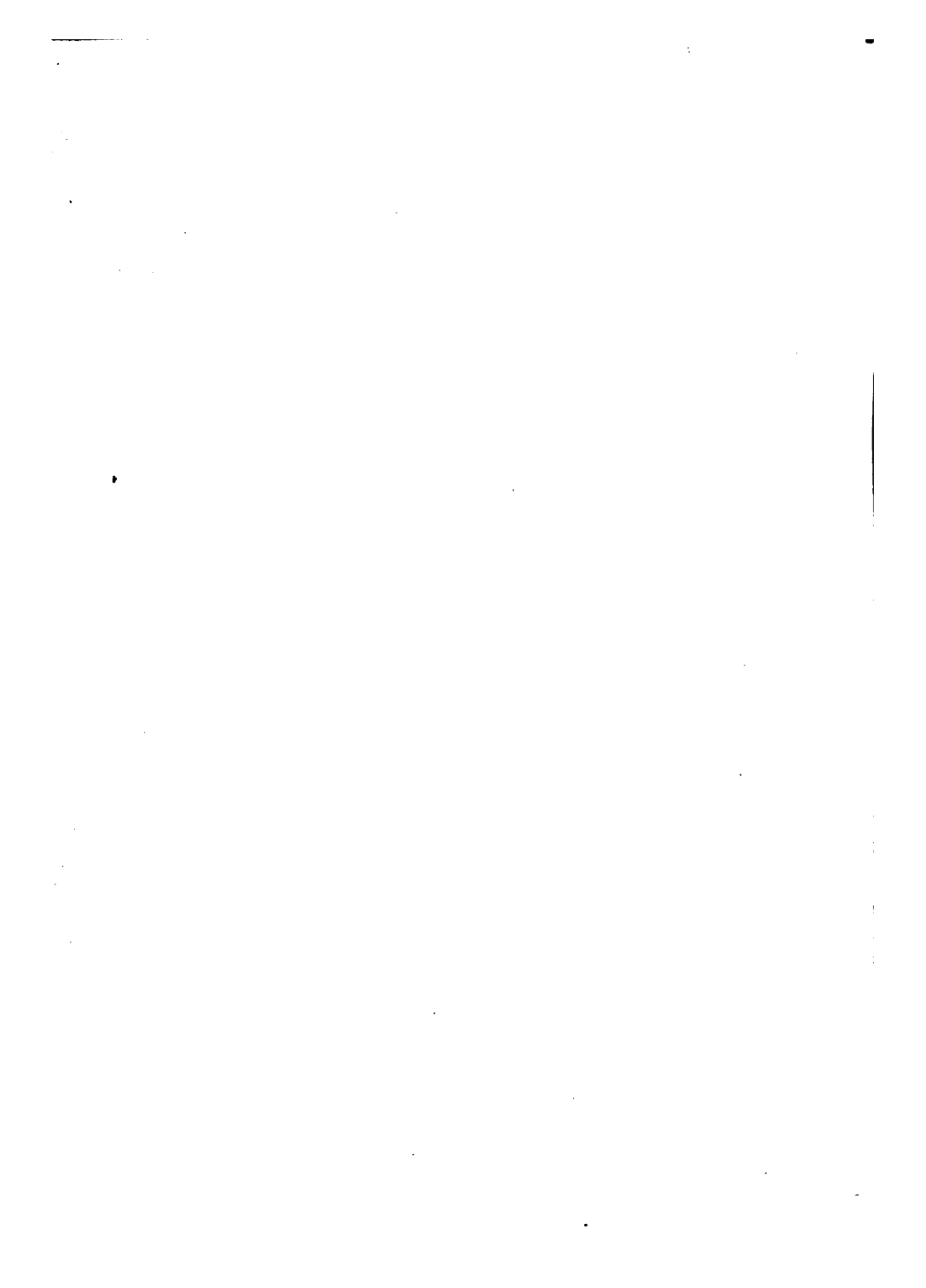
The walls can't speak;  
If they could, what stories they'd tell!  
But, sir, I'm not here to seek  
For the stories that swell  
The tide of human woe.  
Won't somebody bid?  
The sale is bound to go.

Once this house was very complete,  
But the owner lived high.  
Such persons you often meet.  
This I cannot deny,  
For the building is here to show.  
This is the reason, sir,  
Why the sale is slow.









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